

**SPECIAL YEAR-END ISSUE**

# **Sports Illustrated**

DOUBLE ISSUE DECEMBER 19-26, 1977 \$1.25

## **SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR**

Steve Cauthen



# Share the Bacardi

## BACARDI Martinis

Spirited greetings for one and all. For each martini drinker, simply stir 5 or 6 parts dry Bacardi light rum with 1 part dry vermouth and ice. Offer lemon twists, green olives, cocktail onions. Serve straight up or on the rocks.

## BACARDI Driver

Ring out the old with something new. Splash 12 ounces of Bacardi light rum into a pitcher filled halfway with ice cubes. Go right to the top with orange juice. Squeeze in and float two limes or lemons, wedged. Stir.

## BACARDI Punch

Here's another reason to be jolly. In a big container, mix one 46-ounce can Hawaiian Punch Fruit Juicy Red, one 6-ounce can lemonade concentrate (undiluted), one 6-ounce can orange juice concentrate (undiluted), 1 quart Bacardi light rum. Chill 2 hours. Pour punch over ice in punch bowl. Float fresh fruit.



# spirit!

BACARDI Eggnog

Have a merry one. For every quart of eggnog, stir in 12 ounces of Bacardi® dark rum. Then fold in 1 cup of whipped heavy cream. Chill. Sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon. And you've made a tradition.

**BACARDI and Coke**  
A beautiful batch for the bunch. Just fill a fat pitcher halfway with cool cubes. Splash in 12 ounces of Bacardi dark rum. Fill with Coca-Cola. Stir. And you've got it.

**BACARDI and Ice.** Cheers! Sip some smooth Bacardi light or dark rum over ice. Then you'll know why it makes one beautiful batch after another. Light-tasting and dry (not sweet), it's good mixed because it's good unmixed. So set yourself up for some good sipping. And share our spirit.

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ANAL. Calcd. for  $C_{10}H_{10}O$ : C, 88.10%; H, 11.90%. Found: C, 88.1%; H, 11.9%.

TABLE 1. *Mean (SD) Age and "Time" and Measured Time (min)*

# The right way to design a family car is to begin with the family.

## Oldsmobile Delta 88. The car that puts first things first.

The 88 trunk is designed to pack in what your family can pack in.



Generous headroom and legroom in back mean a comfortable, enjoyable ride. For everyone.

The 88 makes economical as well as mechanical sense with excellent mileage for a family-size car.



It goes without saying that cars are built for people. But Oldsmobile decided you get a much happier set of results when, instead of building for people, you build around them.

That's the idea of the Olds Delta 88, your family first.

Your family prefers sitting stretched out to sitting scrunched up. So try our head and legroom up front and in back. Olds 88 has always meant "roomy car"; and our 88s for '78 keep the faith.

Your family needs a trunk that really packs it in. The new Olds Delta 88 gives you 20 cubic feet of trunk space.

When you and your family hit the road, you don't want to feel it. Computers helped us to select the proper combination of springs and shock-absorption rates, to help cradle all of you on the roads you drive.

And you don't want our car

free-wheeling with your money. Delta 88 puts fuel to work and keeps it there, 25 mpg in highway tests, 17 in the city, 20 combined, according to EPA estimates with standard 231 V6 engine and automatic transmission. Your mileage depends on how you drive, your car's condition, and its equipment. (EPA estimates in California are lower.) The Delta 88 is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

Oldsmobile Delta 88. The family car we build by beginning with the family.

**Oldsmobile**  
**Delta 88**  
Can we build one for you?



# A Christmas Prayer

---

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

---

New York Life Insurance Company



# "Smoking. Here's what I'm doing about it."

"I like the taste of a good cigarette and I don't intend to settle for less. But like a lot of people I'm also aware of what's being said. And like a lot of people I began searching for a cigarette that could give me the taste I like with less tar.

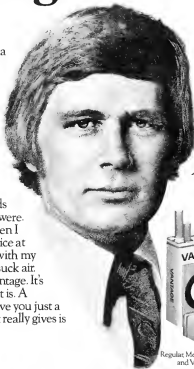
"I thought there would be a lot of brands to choose from. There were. Until I tasted them. Then I knew there was no choice at all. I either had to stay with my high-tar cigarettes. Or suck air.

"Then I found Vantage. It's everything the ads say it is. A cigarette that doesn't give you just a lot of promises. What it really gives is

a lot of taste. And with much less tar than what I'd smoked before.

"What am I doing about smoking? I'm smoking Vantage."

*H. S. Cooper*  
G.S. Cooper  
Edmonds, Washington



Regular, Menthol,  
and Vantage 100's

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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FILTER 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,  
MENTHOL 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG '77;  
FILTER 100's 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



## CastGard™

**Keeps casts and bandages DRY when you're ALL WET**

Now you can keep your cast or bandage DRY while bathing, showering, or taking a quick dip... with CASTGARD. This modern, latex protector is just what the doctor ordered. Slips on easily as a stocking... is re-sealable and inexpensive. Comes in shapes to fit legs, arms, hands and feet in small-adult and regular-adult sizes. Now at most pharmacies... or write for address of nearest distributor.



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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Because Simon Winter Frank Deford and Special Contributor Bill Gilbert have between them written so much of this issue (*When All the World Is Young*, page 38; *A Christmas Gift for Fort Zack*, page 62, and *Joy in Hard Times*, page 100), it seems like a good time to congratulate them on prizes recently awarded for articles past. Deford won two in 1977, the Addison Dening Award for excellence in tennis writing, presented by the Longwood Cricket Club of Chestnut Hill, Mass., for his two-part series on Bill Tilden, and the Award of Merit from the Religious Public Relations Council, for his *Religion in Sport* series. Gilbert won the Penney-Missouri Magazine Award for excellence in life-style journalism for his environment/conservation piece, *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*, which ran in SI's 1976 year-end issue. In 1975 Deford won horse racing's prestigious Eclipse Award, for his story on Jockey Tony DeSantis. Gilbert's other major prize also came in 1974 when he won the National Magazine Award, presented by the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, for his three-part *Women in Sport* series, which he wrote with Nancy Williamson.

In this, our year-end issue, Deford and Gilbert have written stories with the common themes of Christmas and children. When Deford was assigned to write about the kid, our Sportsman of the Year, Steve Cauten, he went to Walton, Ky. to take a look at the farm (one is tempted to say manger), where the child was raised, and talk to Cauten's parents, schoolmates and assorted locals before interviewing Cauten and his agent, Lenny Goodman, in New York. Then he went home to stare at his typewriter. Asked what kind of story he was going to do, Deford muttered darkly that he did not have the slightest idea what he was going to say about a 17-year-old boy who had been written about by a hundred different people in a hundred different ways. As usual, he found plenty, and we think the 101st version of the story, which begins on page 38, is the best.

As for the piece that begins on page 62, Deford started thinking about Christmas back in September. His 6-

year-old daughter, Alexandra, has cystic fibrosis. Frank is a trustee of the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, and virtually since Alexandra's birth he has spent much of his spare time traveling around the country, giving speeches and working for the cause. He was in the children's ward of the Yale-New Haven Hospital when he got the idea for *A Christmas Gift for Fort Zack*. It's about this little boy who is stuck in the hospital at Christmastime and a pro basketball player and—well, why don't you just go ahead and read it.

Bill Gilbert also started thinking about Christmas in early fall. One of our editors called him to ask if he would like to write a story on Christmas for us. He said yes, only making the cryptic request that someone find out what mink and muskrat pelts sold for during the Depression. A mystified researcher turned up the information and Gilbert was not heard from for quite a while. This is his standard operating procedure. He spends a great deal of his time outdoors, usually in remote areas, for our purposes or his own. One doesn't want to have to get hold of Bill Gilbert in a hurry, because it will turn out he is living with Eskimos on the Alaskan tundra, or holed up in a prospector's shack near the Mexican border, observing and recording the habits of the coati-mundi, as he did for his book *Chufio*.

Gilbert comes from hardy stock—his mother joined the Peace Corps when she was 67 years old and spent two years in India. His father was a botanist and landscape architect, and it was no doubt he who instilled in Bill his great love for nature. We meet them both in the story on page 100 about his childhood and warm memories of a bitterly cold Christmas in southern Michigan during the Great Depression.

This is **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s final issue for 1977. We will be back on Jan. 2 with coverage of the pro football playoffs—and the first part of another Deford series, this one on tennis' Jack Kramer.

*Sack Meyer*



# Only one motorized instant camera gives you brilliant color by Kodak.



Bzzz! It's automatic!



The instant motorized camera that hands you a big Christmas Bonus—brilliant color by Kodak. Because the Kodak EK6 camera is the only automatic instant camera that uses (PR-10) Kodak instant print film.

In minutes your good times come to color before your eyes—in pictures protected by an elegant Satinlux® finish. Pictures you can take using an optional Kodak instant (electronic) flash. Pictures that can be made into beautiful color copyprints and enlargements.

Give the EK6 camera . get something wonderful right back. Brilliant color by Kodak.



**NOW SAVE \$10 on Kodak instant cameras and film. See your photo dealer for details.**

*Kodak gifts say: "Open me first"  
...to save Christmas in pictures.*



## Some after dinner ideas for enjoying our brandy



The well-aged mellowness of The Christian Brothers Brandy makes any after dinner drink delicious.

Like Venetian Coffee. It's so much more than ordinary coffee and easy to make. Start with one or two jiggers of The Christian Brothers Brandy, hot coffee and one teaspoon of sugar. Then, top with whipped cream.

Or, enjoy Café Royale. It's as easy to make as Venetian Coffee. A jigger or two of The Christian Brothers Brandy, Hot coffee, and a twist of lemon. Then, sweeten to taste.

And, if you want to enjoy the rich, mellow taste of The Christian Brothers Brandy later in the evening, serve a Mexicali. It's as delicious as it sounds, and it's

made with two parts of The Christian Brothers Brandy, one part coffee liqueur. Serve in a snifter over ice.

Try these after dinner ideas for enjoying The Christian Brothers Brandy, or create your own. When you start with the rich, mellow taste of The Christian Brothers Brandy the result is always delicious.

### From The Christian Brothers of California.

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## Eaton Update:

### 1 Getting the power around the corner

Eaton hydrostatic transmissions offer designers of agricultural equipment great flexibility by replacing awkward mechanical linkages with hydraulic lines that can go around or through other components. They allow the equipment to work more efficiently because operators have an infinite selection of operating modes.

Eaton's commitment to hydrostatics started in the mid-sixties. A new plant in Spencer, Iowa, is operating at maximum capacity, and we are planning another expansion to serve this growing market.

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With Eaton's Single Anchor Pin brake system you can reline a

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This Eaton exclusive is saving down-time for truckers all over the country. But it's only one of our many contributions to trucking efficiency. We're a leader, worldwide, in axles and heavy-duty transmissions, and we're winning an ever-stronger position in components like brakes and anti-lock systems, fan drives, and air conditioning.

### 3 636-acre survival course

The Eaton Proving Ground at Marshall, Michigan, subjects truck and automobile components to horrendous treatment. The facilities include a 1.6 mile oval track for sustained endurance testing; road surfaces that are just plain hostile, a salt bath for corrosive brake lining tests; and a 1200-foot skid pad that can simulate any skid condition.

It's all part of Eaton's total commitment to quality. We market new engineering ideas only after having proved that they excel at surviving in the real world.

Eaton is a family of technologically related businesses with a balanced combination of manufacturing and engineering skills. We're always looking for new ways to use these skills in markets where needs are growing. This approach to the management of change has been achieving record sales and earnings. For the complete story, write to: Eaton Corporation, 100 Erieview Plaza, Cleveland, Ohio 44114.

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Extra Bonus: The cap has a built-in Trac II razor holder. Keep it to use on the next can you buy!

Hurry! Limited quantities available at participating stores.



## BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

PETE HAMILL'S SECOND STREET-WISE NOVEL ENHANCES CLICHE WITH SKILL

Thanks to the company he keeps—Jacqueline Onassis, Shirley MacLaine and other certifiably beautiful people—Pete Hamill has become something of a celebrity-by-association, popping up in the gossip columns with rather boring regularity. All that is O.K., but it tends to obscure the most important thing about Hamill: that he is a first-rate newspaperman, a skillful columnist (for the New York Daily News) and a novelist of considerable accomplishments, the most recent being *Flesh and Blood* (Random House, \$8.95), a gritty, tough, sometimes lyrical book about boxing.

Like his earlier *The Gift*, a wonderfully sentimental Christmas story, *Flesh and Blood* has its roots in Brooklyn, where Hamill grew up and which he clearly regards as his spiritual home. Hamill is a direct descendant of that old and honorable school of street-wise New York journalists in which you write with a snarl on your face and a lump in your throat, and what's impressive about both of these novels is that he brings it off—he tells almost calculatedly hackneyed stories but imbues them with so much tenderness and humanity that they are somehow moving rather than maudlin.

*Flesh and Blood* is about Bebby Fallon, a muscular Brooklyn kid with a primal urge for battle. "And then it happened. The thing, the scream from the belly, started coming up from inside me and a kind of craziness was on me." The urge lands him in prison, where he discovers boxing. He makes a career out of it after his release, under the gruff but careful tutelage of Gus Caputo, your basic old-hand trainer with a heart of gold. His rise through the ranks is swift; as "Irish Bebby" he becomes a great white hope, and the novel moves inexorably toward his title bout against a black fighter who is cast in the Sonny Liston mold.

All of this is played out against the background of Fallon's excruciating personal struggles, the most bitter-sweet being his fiercely Oedipal love for his beautiful mother Kate and an introspective curiosity about his vanished father. And it all comes down to a conclusion that is hard on Fallon—not to mention the reader—but is indisputably apt.

Some readers may find Hamill's characters too obvious and his tone too cloying; I think he brings the people to life and in exactly the right style. And the boxing is terrific: tough, gritty, savvy, exuberant. *Flesh and Blood* is minor but very fine.

END



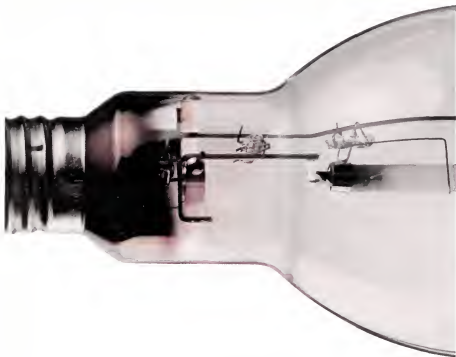
**Isn't it time  
you enjoyed  
smoking?**

I do. Because my cigarette is Salem. Salem gives me more of the great taste I want from a cigarette, plus fresh menthol. Isn't it time you enjoyed Salem?

**Salem King & 100's.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

KING: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 10 mg. "tar",  
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using less energy? GEE!"

(No, GTE!)

You're looking at a revolutionary Sylvania street light bulb made by GTE's Lighting Products people.

It gives eighty percent more light than the bulb it replaces. (Which you'll really appreciate if you ever happen to be walking down one of our streets alone late at night.)

And it uses ten percent less energy. (Which,

depending on how many street lights they're in, could amount to a sizeable saving.)

We're also saving energy in offices—with our special fluorescent bulbs. In factories. And in hotels as well as residences—with our energy-saving incandescents.

Add it all up and . . . can you imagine how much oil you're talking about?

**GTE**

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# Greet the Season Warmly with Early Times



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It's peachy. It's sour.  
It's something to  
howl about. And  
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Bar-Tender's  
Tomcat Instant Mix,  
it's something  
that's easy  
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**A PUSSYCAT.**  
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sour delights of our  
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people forget all about  
remixing. And you can  
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favorite food or  
liquor store.

Greet it  
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with  
Early Times  
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**A HAPPY HOT TODDY.**  
Into a heavy mug  
put 1 tsp sugar, 3  
whole cloves, 1  
stick cinnamon and  
slice of lemon. Add  
1 oz. boiling water.  
Stir well. Let the  
mixture stand about  
5 minutes. Add 2  
oz. hot Early Times  
and 2 oz. boiling  
water. Stir. Sprinkle  
lightly with nutmeg.

Or if you want an  
even easier but  
just as warming a  
holiday drink... just  
mix Early Times with  
water or soda or  
cola or your  
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Early Times. Mix it up or keep it straight. To know us is to love us.

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# Super



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For the fifth consecutive year, Champion has sponsored "The Olympics" of road racing—the big, rich, three-day Champion Spark Plug Road Racing Classic at Georgia's Road Atlanta.



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# Race V

Held last October, it attracted 472 crack amateur drivers to compete in 23 Sports Car Club of America class races. All for National Championship titles.

And it capped nearly a full year of racing in seven SCCA Geographic Divisions to qualify. When it was all over, 17 of the 23 prestigious titles had been won with one spark plug brand: Champion. The remaining six titles were

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If winning performance is what you're after—on the track or on the street—take a tip from the winners: Use Champions.

**CHAMPION**



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"When you talk to people about acupuncture, they don't believe it, and I don't blame them," says Schmitz. "But acupuncture is perfect for racehorses. I give a horse a general treatment the day before a race. By post time the horse is feeling supergood. Its ears are up, its eyes are open and you can hardly keep it on the ground."

#### HOLY MACKEREL!

About the last thing that 11-year-old Ralph Bravo remembers was that he was baiting his hook while standing in the stern of his dad's 15-foot boat off Key West last week. That's when a name-pound king mackerel came flying out of the water, sailed through the air for 18 feet and hit Ralph smack in the ribs with its torpedo-like snout. The force of the blow knocked the boy into the water, while the fish fell into the boat—both of them out cold.

Dad leaped in and rescued Ralph, got him to shore and to the hospital. It turned out that the impact had ruptured the boy's spleen, which was removed in emergency surgery. The next day Ralph was sitting up in bed eating ice cream.

King mackerel are frequently spectacular pumpers, usually while in pursuit of fast-swimming baitfish, but this one picked the wrong target. The Bravo family got even by eating the fish for dinner. Bravo!

#### RUPP

Adolph Rupp, the former University of Kentucky basketball coach, died in Lexington last week at the age of 76. With 874 victories, he was the winningest coach in college basketball history.

There were many who took issue with Rupp—he was called dictatorial and sanctimonious—but it is difficult to fault the trapper with the skins on the wall. He summed up his view of life with the following words he wrote for this magazine 19 years ago:

"Unfortunately, the road to anywhere is filled with many pitfalls, and it takes a man of determination and character not to fall into them. As I have said many times, whenever you get your head above the average, someone will be there to take a poke at you. That is to be expected in any phase of life. However, as I have also said many times before, if you see a man on top of a mountain, he didn't just light

there! Chances are he had to climb through many difficulties and with a great expenditure of energy in order to get there, and the same is true of a man in any profession, be he a great attorney, a great minister, a great man of medicine or a great businessman. I am certain he worked with a definite plan and an aim and purpose in mind. Any man who is successful in life will be envied by those less successful. I have always thought that an excerpt from Parkenham Beatty's *Self Reliance* contained a good philosophy for each coach:

*By your own soul learn to live,  
And if men thwart you, take no heed,  
If men hate you, have no care,  
Sing your song, dream your dream,  
hope your hope and  
pray your prayer*

"I am sure that if a coach will follow this philosophy of life, he will be successful. To sit by and worry about criticism, which too often comes from the misinformed or from those incapable of passing judgment on an individual of a problem, is a waste of time."

#### QUICKIE QUIZ

Ye Olde Bridge Grill in Westport, Conn. gives customers a drink on the house if they can correctly identify all 28 NFL teams by means of puns on their names. Some of the puns are so simplistic—such as "class of Boy Scouts" to which the answer is Eagles—that they would drive a teetotaler to drink, so we'll just quiz you on some of the better ones.

Name these teams (the answers—don't peek—are given below): soldier insects, streakers, IOUs, Washington's Fisher gods, wild, six rulers, used to be girls and \$1 for corn.

The answers: Giants (GI-ants, get it?), Bears, Bills, Patriots, Vikings, Bengals and Buccaneers.

#### FAR OUT

A woman called the Louisiana Superdome in New Orleans to ask the price of tickets to Jazz basketball games.

"They are \$7.50, \$6, \$4 and \$1.50," she was told.

"Why the different prices?" asked the woman.

"They depend on how far away you are."

"Oh," she replied. "I'm in Baton Rouge."

#### STUCK

The recent 12-12 Davis Cup set between Tony Roche of Australia and Corrado Barazzutti of Italy, which was called on account of darkness, has prompted Jimmy Van Alen to note that the Davis Cup is the only organization in tennis that has not adopted any form of its VASSS sudden-death tie breaker. Says Jimmy, "The Davis Cup are just stuck-in-the-muds."

#### ACID TEST

After Los Angeles disk jockey Gary Owens heard that Pat Haden, the Rams quarterback and Rhodes scholar, had complained that sportswriters always asked him the same questions, he interviewed Haden.

Owens: What color is mimosa?

Haden: I believe it's light yellow.

Owens, O.K., that's right. By the way, who discovered oxygen?

Haden: A man named Boyd.

Owens: Very good, Pat. Now listen closely. Which of the following is not an amino acid: leucine, valine, choline, lysine, alanine?

Haden: Just a moment, Gary. You said not an amino acid?

Owens: Yes, not.

Haden: That would be choline.

Owens: Fantastic. Incidentally, do you know the exact date of the first St. Patrick's Day Parade held in New York?

Haden: Let me take a stab. Gary I believe it was March 17, 1762.

Owens: Splendid and correct. Thanks very much. Rams Quarterback Pat Haden.

Haden: My pleasure, Gary. Thank you.

P.S. Haden really wasn't all that knowledgeable. Owens sent him the questions ahead of time, and Haden did research to get the answers.

But back to the books, Pat. Oxygen was discovered between 1770 and 1773 by Joseph Priestly of England and Carl Scheele of Sweden.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Pete Gent, former Dallas wide receiver, telling a rookie about Coach Tom Landry's massive playbook: "Don't bother reading it, kid—everybody gets killed in the end."

• Lou Holtz, coach of Orange Bowl-bound Arkansas, asked about fans who pelted the field with oranges during the SMU game: "I'm glad we're not going to the Gator Bowl!"

END

# V.O.

The Standard of Giving.

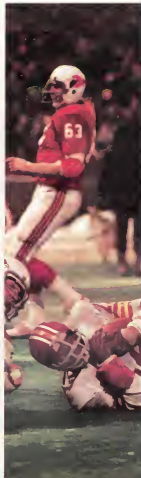


Give **Seagram's V.O.**  
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CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 4 YEARS OLD. 80% PROOF. SEAGRAM BOTTLED BY CH. H. V. CO., N.Y.C. GIFT-WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.



*Pat McInelly's catch of a 43-yard touchdown pass from Ken Anderson lifted Cincinnati past Pittsburgh*



*Mike Thomas' touchdown in the fourth quarter*

# A MATTER OF HIGHER



powered Washington over bombing St. Louis

**MATH**

With only one weekend remaining in the NFL's regular season, it would take an MIT Ph. D. to compute all of the potential playoff matchups **by DAN JENKINS**

As the end nears, the NFL has turned into the NAL—the National Arithmetic League—and the American public is holding its breath as Commissioner Pete Einstein hunkers over his calculators, trying to figure out whether Tampa Bay's first victory in history last Sunday will qualify the Buccaneers for a wildcard spot when the playoffs begin on Christmas Eve. As the regular season adds, subtracts and multiplies itself to a halt, the only five outfits definitely headed for the Super Bowl eliminations without any arguments are the Denver Bron-

cos, Dallas Cowboys, Los Angeles Rams, Oakland Raiders and that traditional rival of the fans, the hard-hitting IBM Bay Computers.

Well, it figures. A season that can produce a Denver with a 12-1 record can produce almost anything, so the next-to-last weekend of the regular grind served up a veritable buffet of insanity. Forget Tampa Bay dislodging Hank Stram's toupee in New Orleans, 33-14. That didn't affect anything except certain people's job security. Of far more interest were Cincinnati's Arctic Circle upset of Pitts-

*continued*

Sam Cunningham leaped over Miami's Bob Matheson for the touchdown that won for New England



burgh, Baltimore's buffoon-style loss to Detroit, the final chapter in the collapse of St. Louis at the feet of Washington and New England's heroic dismantling of Miami's Bob Griese, which, as it turns out, will probably mean nothing to the Patriots.

Math became important in the close divisional races. In the AFC Central, for instance, the Bengals needed to beat the Steelers—and beat them by more than six points. The rule that applied here involved the point differential in their head-to-head meetings. What it provided was a situation in which Pittsburgh could win the formula-off by intentionally playing for a loss and kicking a field goal to narrow Cincinnati's margin of victory instead of going for a touchdown that would win the game. It never came to that, fortunately, not after Franco Harris lived up to his role as the NFL's second-best designated fumbler (no one can compare with St. Louis' Terry Mescal in this regard), and Cincinnati out-icekicked the Steelers 17-10. That margin of victory gave the Bengals a one-point edge over the Steelers, who won the previous game between the two by six points, and will put Cincinnati in the playoffs if it defeats Houston in its last game.

The arithmetic is even more fascinating in the AFC East. After the Patriots stung the Dolphins 14-10, and the once-impressive Colts had found an intriguing way to lose to the Lions 13-10, their third defeat in 15 days after losing only once in 10 weeks, the situation was this: if Baltimore can somehow regroup and rediscover Bert Jones' arm and win its final game over New England, it will stagger into the playoffs. But if the Patriots win that game, while Miami does the expected by tromping on Buffalo, the Dolphins will be in the playoffs. Miami would then have a better record than New England within the division, although both clubs would finish 10-4 overall.

And how would Baltimore edge Miami for a playoff berth if they were to conclude the proceedings with identical 10-4s? Oh, that's easy. The Colts outscored the Dolphins in their two games, right? Wrong. Well, they did, but it doesn't matter. O.K., Baltimore would have a better record in the division, right? Wrong. Their records would be the same. So what then? It's the record in the conference, silly. Miami would have lost four games to AFC teams, and Baltimore would have lost only three. So the ninth



Billy Kilmer (17) came off the bench to lead the Redskins to their crucial 26-20 win over the Cards.

Baltimore punt that Detroit's Leonard Thompson blocked Sunday for the winning touchdown in the last nine seconds really will have no bearing whatsoever.

On the other hand, if the Colts lose to the Patriots and miss the playoffs, Baltimore Coach Ted Marchibroda will have a long winter to wonder why he did not give up a safety to the Lions. What the Colts really did in losing, aside from proving that Jones is in a slump, was keep Miami alive. The Dolphins were absolute goners after the Patriots sacked Griese six times and won that thriller.

But perhaps all of this will be clearer if it's discussed by divisions. So . . .

**NFC EAST**—Early in the season the Super Bowl, according to most Texans, was all set. It would be Dallas vs. Oakland and the final score would be 35-33, one way or another. This was when the Cowboys were romping to an 8-0 record and their front four were leading the league in ambulance calls. Four of the first seven quarterbacks the Cowboys faced did not finish the game, and their front four became known as "Too Tall, Too Mean, Too Strong and Too Jethro." That was for Too Tall Jones, Harvey Martin, Randy White and Jethro Pugh.

Then something happened. When the record read 8½-0—they were leading St. Louis 14-3 at halftime—the Cowboys suddenly got bored with the division, and Roger Staubach's aches and pains caught up with him. Dallas lost to the Cardinals, then to a highly emotional Pittsburgh team. By then, however, Tony Dorsett was a starter. The Cowboys got

it back together, as Dorsett aimed at a 1,000-yard rookie rushing season, and they clinched their ninth division title in the past 12 years and also the home-field advantage for "the second season."

For all of this, it is still hard to tell how good Dallas is. The Cowboys have a grand mixture of youth and experience, and plenty of talent, but one cannot forget that they play in a division in which one contender, Washington, lost twice to the New York Giants, and another, St. Louis, had days when its players looked either like the unhappiest group in captivity or the holders of numbered Swiss bank accounts. There is still a chance that whiskey-faced old Billy Kilmer, who resurfaced to quarterback Washington past St. Louis 26-20 last Saturday, could lug the Redskins into the playoffs as the NFC wild-card team with a 9-5 record, but only if several bizarre things happen this weekend. Like Washington upsetting the Rams, or Minnesota and Chicago suffering combined heart failure.

But overall, the summing up of the NFC East is that Dallas did what was expected—and St. Louis did not. Indeed, if there was a National Conference team that seemed to have the capability of the Cowboys and Rams, it was the Jim Hart-Terry Metcalf-Mel Gray-Conrad Dobler Cardinals. One of the season's mysteries is what happened to them.

**NFC WEST**—Welcome to the Valium Division. The only suspense was how long it would take Pat Haden to become the Los Angeles quarterback. It took four weeks. It was only after Haden replaced



Joe Namath and began to pump some excitement into things that the Rams took off. The Rams usually win this division by mid-October, but it took a little longer this time, because Atlanta played like defensive fools for about eight weeks. Otherwise, it was a case of the Rams playing the same old schedule—New Orleans 10 times and Tampa four, or so it seemed—and muddling through. L.A. is physical, though, and if Chuck Knox ever puts more than six plays in the Rams' repertoire, they can make the Super Bowl. Haden might take them there, anyway. He has that charmed quality.

**NFC CENTRAL**—The only thing interesting about this division has been Walter Payton and his quest to leap over more airport furniture than O. J. Simpson. But, unbelievably, it looks very much as if two of its teams will make the playoffs—Minnesota without Fran Tarkenton and Chicago with a 47-0 loss to Houston on its record. If the Vikings and Bears finish up with 9-5 records, Minnesota will be the division winner and the Bears will edge out the Redskins as the wild card, even if Washington performs that miracle over the Rams. Minnesota would win the division because it outscored the Bears 29-26 as they split their head-to-head battles. And Chicago would nip the Redskins by virtue of having lost fewer games within their division. Thus, Washington's two losses to the Giants would be lethal.

As for the NFC playoff matchups, Dallas seems destined to host the wild card team—let's say Chicago for fun—and Los Angeles most likely will entertain the home folk with Minnesota.

**AFC EAST**—It will be a cruel thing for sure if the Dolphins get left out after the coaching job Don Shula has done. Bob Griese has had a splendid year in his eyeglasses, and if a pass rusher named A. J. Duhe is not the Defensive Rookie of the Year, there is no such award. Unlike the Patriots and Colts, the Dolphins have never quit. On occasion, the Patriots have been devastating, but they have never overcome their early problems, which all started with an agent named Howard Slusher and two of his clients, offensive linemen John Hannah and Leon Gray, who walked off their jobs for a few weeks. Without them, the Patriots started off 1 and 2. In their last few games New England has sacked everyone but Commissioner Pete Rozelle, employing the kind of rugged defense that last Sunday lev-

eled Miami in what New England felt was a "must" game. The Patriots had no idea that under certain circumstances closing victories over the Dolphins and Colts would do them no good.

Crazily enough, one is left with the notion that if Baltimore slips into the playoffs after so shabby a second half of the season—three straight losses to Denver, Miami and Detroit down the stretch—the two best teams in the division will be watching the playoffs on TV.

**AFC CENTRAL**—For a time it appeared that Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Houston and Cleveland would all wind up with 7-7 records, and it would take all of the graduate students at MIT to determine the winner. There were days when the Steelers reminded everybody of themselves, but the Bengals never did. If, in fact, the Bengals beat the Oilers to make the playoffs, after so deplorable a season, they will mainly have the Steelers to thank.

**AFC WEST**—This will be remembered as the year Denver created more excitement in Colorado than the average street corner in Aspen. Denver? Craig Morton? Red Miller? No thinking person is yet willing to accept it. Well, a fairly ornery defense was already there, and so were some speed and big play machinery. All that was needed was confidence, a new attitude. To Miller, the new coach, must

go the bulk of the credit, while saving a bit for Morton. All the Broncos have done is whip up on more teams with winning records—seven—than any other club. Sometimes Morton did it with a pass, and sometimes the Broncos' Orange Crush defense did it, a defense that produced a corner linebacker named Tom Jackson, who has slowly earned an underground NFL reputation as being the best there is.

Finally, what were the odds at the beginning of the season on Oakland's needing a wild card to get into the playoffs? The Raiders, like everyone else, probably didn't take Denver seriously until it was too late. One thing about Oakland, though. Last Sunday, when the Raiders had to win to clinch the wild card, Ken Stabler became Ken Stabler again, and they walloped Minnesota 35-13.

Oakland has had just enough moments—beating Pittsburgh and Denver, for example—to look like a team fully capable of defending its Super Bowl championship. The Raiders will have to play all their postseason games on the road, but exactly where is in the hands of an enormous number of mathematicians.

All anybody really knows about the AFC playoffs is that Oakland will be traveling and Denver will be staying home as usual. Only this time the Broncos will be playing a football game. **END**

Lemar Parrish launched the Bengals' big day with a 47-yard touchdown run on an interception.



# TROUBLE? CALL THE BOMB SQUAD

*In 1977 B.C. (Before Cunningham), the 76ers couldn't hold a lead against the Trail Blazers and had dropped five in a row to them. Last week they sent in an emergency unit that totally defused Portland* **by JOHN PAPANKE**

THIS IS THE ONE YOU OWE US. The banner hung in Philadelphia's Spectrum last Wednesday night, a message from 76er fans to the 76ers. Twenty minutes before game time a crowd that would reach a capacity of 18,276 was already stomping and screaming itself into a lather, and even the pregame warmups were unusually intense. Not many individual games in the long NBA season mean much anymore. This one clearly did.

Here were the two best teams in the league—the Philadelphia 76ers, the might-have-been-champions and suddenly the Team of Brotherly Love, versus the Portland Trail Blazers, the champions-in-fact. It took little more than the sight of Bill Walton hopping up and down, slapping his thighs, psyching himself during the national anthem, to summon up for 76er fans the awful memory of last spring's playoff finals. With Philadelphia ahead two games to none, Walton began making those funny rolling gestures with his hands above his head, and the Blazers responded by running the Sixers into whatever river happened to be nearest—the Schuylkill or the Delaware—on the way to winning four straight and the championship.

And there was an even fresher memory, in the next meeting of the two clubs, a nationally televised game in Portland on Oct. 28. The 76ers had taken a five-point lead into the fourth quarter, only to have the nightmare repeat itself. Same funny rolling gestures, and a 98-94 loss. Following that one, Walton reiterated what he had said after the playoffs: "Once we learn how to beat a team, we can do it and can keep doing it."

But though the names and faces were the same, the 76ers Walton & Co. faced last Wednesday were not the team the Blazers had learned how to beat. Coach Gene Shue was gone. Billy Cunningham had ridden up on a white stallion to hug and slap palms and joke with his love-starved millionaires, and the Sixers were off and running at their awesome best. Even with Darryl Dawkins, the youngest certified terrorist in NBA history, missing eight games after allegedly cut-

ting his index finger washing dishes (some say it happened in a sword fight with his brother), the Sixers won 14 of their first 16 games under Billy C., including a string of 10 straight.

Portland, meanwhile, had been executing like a crack commando outfit, winning 18 of its 21 games, all 12 at home and six of nine on the road, outscoring its opponents by an astonishing average of 12.3 points a game, nearly double Philadelphia's second-best 6.3. And the Blazers did this with Forward Maurice Lucas out for five games with acute bronchitis.

On the afternoon of the Sixers game, Blazer Coach Jack Ramsay, fresh from a 116-94 win in Cleveland, Portland's eighth straight, downplayed the emotional aspect of the coming confrontation. Ramsay is one cool man.

"We beat Philadelphia in the playoffs because we played our game better than they played theirs," he said. "Right now we're even better. If we play well 1,000 times in a row, we should win 1,000 times in a row."

In the Spectrum, the 76ers were watching a videotape of the October loss to the Blazers, seeing themselves get hopelessly fouled up on defense in the fourth period, unable to switch fast enough to stay with Portland's perpetual motion. They watched their own offense break down into its once-characteristically selfish playground chaos. Cunningham turned off the sound so his players would not be distracted by the harsh criticism of the commentators, one of whom had been Billy Cunningham.

The coach still sounded like a TV man when he said, "What we have here tonight are the league's two hottest teams. But this game is not going to make or break either one." Cunningham is a cool one, too, and so are his players. Dr. Julius Erving, sounding curiously like Dr. Ramsay, said, "We feel if we play up to our potential, offensively and defensively, there is no way we can lose."

George McGinnis said he was anxious to even the score with Lucas, who had held him to 39% shooting in the playoffs. For his part, Lucas said, "Sure, Big

George is waiting for me. Everybody is waiting for me. I'm like Billy the Kid."

"Somebody better warn Walton," said Dawkins, his finger healed. "Zandokahn, the mad dunker, is out tonight. That's Z-a-n-d-o-k-a-h-n. Made it up myself."

It took Portland all of four seconds to score the game's first basket, a typical blazing fast break off the opening tap, Walton (over Caldwell Jones, the starting center since Dawkins' injury) to Forward Bob Gross to Lucas. Then the probing began.

Portland's game plan all year has been to have Walton and Lucas hitting the defensive boards heavily and hurling blistering outlet passes to Lionel Hollins or Dave Twardzik to trigger the dreaded Portland fast break. In Philadelphia last Wednesday, the first part was working but the second was not. Sixer Guards Doug Collins and Henry Bibby were hustling back and clogging the passing lanes so quickly that for the first time all season the Blazers found their fast break shut down. And with McGinnis and Erving overplaying Lucas and Gross and joining Jones to double-team Walton when he cut to the basket, Portland found itself in the unfamiliar position of having to rely on outside shooting.

Meanwhile, the 76er offense, led by Erving and McGinnis, ran off one streak of 10 straight points, and when reserve Center Tom Owens gave Walton a breather, the Sixers unleashed another of 11, culminated by a soaring behind-the-head Dr. J dunk that put Philadelphia ahead 32-21. That brought the crowd and the Sixer bench to their feet. Walton was back into the game in a hurry.

But no one had warned him about Zandokahn, who chose to stay near the top of the foul circle and shoot perfect jumpers over Walton when he chose to stay back near the basket. When Walton came out, Dawkins would drive ferociously by him. On one such sequence Walton somehow managed to block Dawkins' attempted dunk, but McGinnis recovered the ball and shoveled it back to Dawkins, who put another move on Walton, made the layup and drew a foul

for a three-point play. At halftime the Sixers led 55-51. But, as everybody in the Spectrum was painfully aware, they had been in that position before.

Forced out of their motion offense by the relentless Sixer defense, the Blazers tied the score five minutes into the second half, mostly on the shooting of Lucas and Gross and Walton's dogged rebounding. Walton was about to pull down another rebound when along came Dawkins, flying up and clean over Walton like a 747, tilting just enough to pound the ball straight down through Walton's hands and the basket.

"Zandolahn, with his spine chiller supreme," said Dawkins later.

But for the next three minutes it was Portland that did the chilling. Hollins hit a jumper, Walton answered Dawkins with a jam of his own, and Lloyd Neal, in for Lucas, put in a rebound. Portland had a five-point lead, 76-71.

"That's usually the time," said 76er Lloyd Free, the self-styled All-World, "when we started hating each other." Significantly, Free spoke in the past tense. These days Cunningham merely looks down his bench and calls in the Bomb Squad. As Portland spurred, out of the game came McGinnis, Collins and Dawkins. In went Steve Mix, Free and Jones. With 2:18 left, order had been restored and Philadelphia led 79-76.

At this point Ramsay studied the decaying situation on the floor and decided to gamble. He lifted Walton, willing to lose a little now in order to have his big man fresh for the fourth quarter. But the little turned out to be a lot. Or, as Mix would later say, "The blitzkrieg. The old Pork Chop Hill."

Erving hit a long jumper. Portland got the ball quickly down to Neal all alone under the basket for what players call a cripple. But Neal missed it. Mix had the rebound, rifled it to Free who hit Jones for a slam dunk that gave the Sixers a 83-76 lead. There was no stopping Free and Philly now. Two more lightning breaks including a genuine All-World sky dunk followed before the 76er surge finally ended at 16 straight points. By the time Ramsay got around to bringing Walton back, 1:20 into the fourth period, the Sixers had outscored the Blazers 25-4 in less than five minutes.

Philadelphia continued to pour it on

in the perfunctory fourth quarter, outscoring Portland 20-2 off the fast break alone, and cruising home with a 122-100 victory.

Cunningham, now sounding more like a coach than a TV man, said, "It sure was more than I expected," while McGinnis (24 points, 50% shooting) emitted platitudes about love and togetherness. Free (17 points, seven assists) ran around shouting to his teammates. "Wasn't I super, George? Wasn't I su-

per, Doc?" Erving, acepicks on knees, took the whole thing in stride. "No surprise," he said. "Satisfying, of course, but just another win."

Down the hall Portland's Lucas said, "What did it prove? Have they got the best record?"

Philadelphia didn't and it was, after all, only one game. But it was a game the Sixers had owed their fans and themselves for quite a while, and they finally paid the debt.

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DEANE



All-World soars up, up and away against Hollins. Later Free had one question: "Wasn't I super?"

# SETTING UP A SHOWDOWN IN DALLAS

Somehow the bowl selections turned out fine—dandy, in fact—despite PSP and the poker politics that forced a few hands

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Arguments for revising the bowl game selection process to require teams to be chosen on the basis of a full schedule have been advanced here in the past. They appealed primarily to logic and the good of college football, however, and therefore were not taken seriously. What appears to be needed is an appeal to emotions. Or to greed. When it comes to getting things done, greed and emotions are superior to logic any day.

San Diego State, for example, should be feeling pretty emotional right now. San Diego State should be ready to fight, actually. The Aztecs finished their season with a boffo 10-1 record. Only one team in the country (Texas) can say more. The Aztecs were ranked 16th by the Associated Press. When the rolls were called up yonder in the bowl selection booths, one would logically assume that up-and-comer San Diego State would have gotten a yell. Uh uh. Not even a whisper.

On Nov. 19, the night designated for selections, San Diego State defeated Florida State, already earmarked for the Tangerine Bowl, 41-16. The Tangerine's other choice, Texas Tech, lost to Houston that day, 45-7. On his way to the



FSU locker room for the formality. Tangerine representative Pete Cross was heard to say, "Well, that's show biz. Which way's the bar?"

Fortunately for Cross, FSU revived to whip archrival Florida and finish strong, but Texas Tech wound up losing to Arkansas to roll into the Tangerine a four-time loser. Nothing unusual about that, sorry to say. Under the bowls' Premature Selection Process (PSP)—anything prior to the last big week of the regular season is premature—five bowls wound up as consolation prizes for six four-time losers.

That alone is enough to make San Diego State scream, but how about 17th-ranked (by AP) Brigham Young, 9-2 and the second-highest-scoring team in the country; or 17th-ranked (by UPI) North Texas State, 9-2 and winner of nine of its last 10; or Miami of Ohio, 10-1. Miami won its last nine in a row. Under the PSP, however, it is far better to have early foot and fade badly than to be strong in the stretch.

All of those concerned—bowls and colleges—have adjusted to this self-perpetuating madness with a kind of garage sale mentality. An increasingly familiar gambit is the one where bowls announce they will take the losers of certain games or conference races, as the Sugar, Bluebonnet and Liberty Bowls did. This is really no worse than having a chosen team fall on its face.

Certainly no one would dispute the merit of having Ohio State (off its loss to Rose-bound Michigan) in the Sugar or Nebraska (off its loss to Orange-bound Oklahoma) in the Liberty. Whether Woody Hayes is rehabilitated and ready to resume a useful place in society or not, Ohio State-Alabama is an excellent match. But there is a stigma, PSP-inspired, in having to declare for teams on the basis of their losing. The same choice probably would not seem as bad if made after the season.

There is a greater irony, however, one that should arouse greed in every NCAA member institution not fortunate enough to be named, well, Ohio State or Nebraska. In a phrase: as long as bowls are required to choose their poison before all the returns are in, they are going to opt for name teams. Under the PSP, San Diego State had no chance. To put it starkly, if a bowl has to risk a multiple loss, it will be Minnesota over Miami of Ohio every time.

Think not? Well, the bowls know a little about greed, too. Bowls are no longer excuses to give a deserving college boy a Bourbon Street tour or a boat ride on Biscayne Bay. Bowls are a \$13 million bonanza for college football. They are dictated to by big-business interests, not the least of which is television. Unconvinced? This exchange between executives of a major bowl and the television network doing its game was reported by the Miami News: "Who'd you like to see us pick?" asked the bowl man. "Notre Dame," said the TV man. "Failing that, my second choice is USC. My third choice is USC. My fourth choice is USC." It did not matter that USC was a four-time loser. It did matter that there are roughly 10 million television sets in Southern California.

The minor bowls are responsible for this foolishness, of course. They lobbied successfully for an early selection date, crying to the NCAA for time to promote their games and sell tickets. More often than not, this has resulted in the major bowls being saddled with damaged goods. Ah, but this year it didn't work that way. After Nov. 19 none of the four major bowls had one of its steamrollers run out of fuel. Seven of the nine top-rated teams are in the major bowls.

Luck? Not so much when you consider that in the last couple of years the Orange and Sugar have joined the Rose and Cotton in securing conference champions as host teams. Past embarrassments, laid directly to PSP, prompted the Orange to unite with the Big Eight and the Sugar with the Southeastern Conference, assuring themselves at least half a draw. Thus the major bowls cut their needs on the open market from five of eight teams to three of eight.

There is a harmful side effect. Conference tieups make it almost impossible to achieve "ultimate" matchups. Notre Dame, of course, is not tied to a bowl, so the Cotton got the plum this year in Texas-Notre Dame. It would have been impossible, however, to match No. 1 Texas with No. 2 Oklahoma, or No. 2 Oklahoma with No. 3 Alabama.

In any case, now there is less cause than ever to give minor bowls any additional special considerations. With the majors having only three spots to fill, there are more good teams than ever available to minor bowls. Clearly then, there is no need to rush into anything. And the minors need better matchups to

give them what one bowl member (while lamenting his own hard-luck choices) called "carry-over interest." He explains, "Most of our tickets are sold way in advance of our team picks, anyway. When we get a clunker, we diminish our chances for next year. The teams shouldn't want early selections, either. It puts 'em on the spot and they lose, or they get left holding the bag. Like Penn State."

Ah, yes, the strange odyssey of Penn State. The Nittany Lions, ranked No. 8 with a 10-1 record, are going to the Fiesta Bowl, where the bag they will hold and take home will contain \$250,000. They might have gone to the Orange Bowl, where competing teams share \$2.2 million, except for one of those bluff and counter-bluff episodes that go hand in glove with early selections and demean both teams and bowls.

In mid-November, with Notre Dame apparently headed for the Cotton Bowl to have its wish fulfilled for the highest-ranked opponent available, the Orange Bowl's three top choices became Arkansas, Penn State and Pittsburgh, in no particular order. The Orange Bowl, however, wanted to delay its selection one week until the pivotal games of Thanksgiving weekend: Arkansas-Texas Tech and Penn State-Pitt. This in itself might have been unnecessary had not an earlier attack of greed prompted Pitt and Penn State to shove their game back from Nov. 19, to accommodate ABC's television cameras.

Pitt's Jackie Sherrill said he would gladly wait.

Arkansas, lobbying hard, said it, too, would wait.

Penn State, which undoubtedly felt it was dealing from a position of strength because it was ranked higher than Pitt in the AP poll, said not on your life.

There was a heavy pause. For 48 hours the Orange Bowl was in a dilemma: if it knuckled under to Penn State on Nov. 19, what would 80,000 ticket buyers say if Pitt then beat Penn State on Nov. 26? If it waited until Nov. 26 and only Pitt and Arkansas waited, too, and both lost, who would the selectors pick then? The hesitation was variously interpreted. Sensing that the Orange might cave in to Penn State, Arkansas and Pittsburgh wavered. The Gator Bowl was romancing Pitt. Arkansas was not sure it would get a second chance. Both schools reversed field, indicating they would make their move on the 19th.

continued

Now it was Penn State's turn to come about. Anticipating an Orange Bowl swing to Arkansas because of the stand-off in the East, the Lions had a change of heart and indicated they would indeed wait until Nov. 26. Alas, Penn State was odd man out again.

But the lobbying was not over. Father Edmund Joyce, executive vice-president of Notre Dame, passed the word around that he would prefer that all the bowls waited a week. Texas had a Nov. 26 date with tough Texas A&M. If Texas lost, Notre Dame would want to shift its aim to the team most likely to move up to No. 1—Oklahoma in the Orange or Alabama in the Sugar. The Orange Bowl hopped on Father Joyce's idea, having

found just the ally it thought was needed to force everybody to hold fire another week.

But the Cotton Bowl still held the trump card, Texas, and played it accordingly. It gave Notre Dame a take-it-or-leave-it proposition. Notre Dame blinked, and threw in its hand.

Once the Irish were out, everybody folded. The Orange chose Arkansas, the Sugar the Big Ten runner-up, and Penn State gets to spend the holidays in Tempe, Ariz. It is lucky to get that.

Who was bluffing? In a sense, they all were. Penn State and Pitt could have covered their bets with a minor bowl, exercising the losers' right. Arkansas probably could have done the same. It is

unlikely, too, that the Cotton Bowl would have risked losing Notre Dame by being stubborn about Nov. 19 selections. Like the Orange, it would have had to run the gamut of all those crucial games on Thanksgiving weekend.

In the wake of what happened—the major bowls turning out O.K., except for some blood under the fingernails; the minors scrambling around and making a general mess of things—one would assume that the message will be clear enough for the NCAA when it convenes in January in Atlanta. The early selection date has at last unanimously succeeded: all the bowls are hurt by it, and they all need some action.

Think of it as emotionally logical.



#### COTTON BOWL

Jan. 2

Texas (11-0) vs. Notre Dame (10-1)

A win by No. 1-ranked Texas suits away the national championship, no matter what Oklahoma, Alabama, Arkansas, Michigan or anybody else does. It also would put a storybook

finish on the season for the Longhorns, who were ignored by all Top 20 preseason polls. In contrast, the No. 5-ranked Irish received rare preseason notices but were downgraded when they lost to Mississippi in September. A Notre Dame victory could catapult the Irish into their 10th national title.

Since Joe Montana took over as quarterback, Notre Dame has scored an average of 37.7 points a game. Before that, Running Backs Jerome Havens and Vagor Ferguson got most of the yardage. Montana spreads the work around. In addition to utilizing the running game, he passes to Kris Haines, who averages 21 yards a catch, and All-America Tight End Ken MacAfee. The Irish finished up with remarkably balanced statistics—2,551 yards rushing, 2,289 yards passing.

Not so Texas. The Longhorns have good receivers in Alfred Jackson and Johnny (Lam)

Jones, but a full 70% of the attack is on the ground—and a big percentage of the ground game is Heisman winner Earl Campbell, who led the nation in rushing (1,744 yards) and scoring (114 points). The Longhorns' Russell Exlehen, with 14 field goals (including a 67-yarder), represents a long-distance scoring threat whenever Texas is inside the 50.

Although Campbell is a super back, Notre Dame can be tough on one-back attacks. Randy McEachern, a 50.6% passer, might well have to throw more than he'd like. Starting five games (after the No. 1 and 2 Texas quarterbacks were injured), McEachern completed 45 of 89 for eight touchdowns.

Texas is favored, but in Notre Dame's last Cotton Bowl appearance seven years ago the once-beaten Irish met unbeaten No. 1-ranked Texas and pulled a 24-11 upset. It could happen again.



#### SUGAR BOWL

Jan. 2

Ohio St. (9-2) vs. Alabama (10-1)

To television, it's the Woody and Bear Show, Ohio State's Woody Hayes vs. Alabama's Bear Bryant, two crusty old coaching stalwarts who have a total of 65 years of experience and 503 victories. To oddsmakers, it's the bowl season's closest match, pitting once-beaten Alabama, the Southeastern Confer-

ence champion, against twice-beaten Ohio State, the Big Ten runner-up. To shoppers from the NFL, it is a showcase filled with talent.

The Buckeyes offer All-America Tackle Chris Ward, Rod Gerald, America's shippiest quarterback, and Ron Springs and Jeff Logan, a pair of runners who gain six yards every time they get the ball. The Tide has All-America Ozzie Newsome and a wave of exciting runners, particularly Johnny Davis and Tony Nathan. No wonder both teams score more than 30 points a game.

Alabama is favored, having won 10 of 11 and pounded Miami more soundly than Ohio State did. Yet the Tide's loss was to Nebraska, which was demolished by Oklahoma, a team Ohio State had on the ropes before losing in the final seconds. That, of course, leaves Bryant moaning over his chances, nothing unusual there. But Hayes, uncharacteristically

optimistic, claims his Buckeyes are the toughest twice-beaten team he's ever laid eyes on. Indeed, Ohio State's losses to Oklahoma and Michigan were both heartbreakers. Oklahoma recovered an onside kick and scored nine points in the final 90 seconds to win, 29-28. Michigan won 14-6, but the Buckeyes were more impressive on offense and were driving for a possible tying touchdown when they fumbled with two minutes left. Ohio State drubbed its other opponents 303-42, shutting four of them out.

Curiously, Alabama, which runs from the wishbone, has a far better air game than Ohio State and the Pro-I that Hayes has favored this year. The Jeff Rutledge-to-Newsome tandem might be the difference in New Orleans. But Ohio State had the Big Ten's top pass defense and 22 interceptions, a national high. One or two more in the Sugar Bowl and it's Woody's show, not Bear's.



#### ORANGE BOWL

Jan. 2

Oklahoma (10-1) vs. Arkansas (10-1)

Barry Switzer recalls being in this position before. It was in the 1976 Orange Bowl, and his Sooners rose up from No. 2 to win their last national championship. Oklahoma beat

Big Ten runner-up Michigan 14-6 after No. 1-ranked Ohio State, the Big Ten champion, had folded in the Rose Bowl. This time, ranked No. 2 again, Oklahoma once more heads to Miami, where it meets Southwest runner-up Arkansas, while Southwest champion Texas is the No. 1 team in the nation. The names have changed, but Oklahoma's position is about the same. And, again, Oklahoma should win.

This is not the same Sooners team that lost to Texas early in the season when its marvelous backfield was slowed by injuries. After Tom Lott, Billy Sims, Kenzy King and Elvis Peacock recovered, the Sooners wishbone ripped through five straight foes by an average winning margin of 31 points.

Arkansas revived from its 5-5-1 record a year ago to gain the No. 6 ranking, thanks largely to renewed enthusiasm stirred up by

new Coach Lou Holtz. Spearheaded by Larry Jackson, Jimmy Walker and Howard Sampson, Arkansas' defense was tops in the SWC against the pass and was third in the nation against scoring.

Guard Leotis Harris is All-America, Ben Cowins rushed for 160 yards or more in six games and Ron Ciscagni is a 53.3% passer, albeit an infrequent one. Steve Little booted 19 field goals to lead the nation. The Razorbacks ran roughshod over eight opponents, but lost to Texas and struggled to beat their other bowl-bound opponents, Texas Tech and Texas A&M. Against A&M, the only wishbone team Arkansas faced, two Aggie backs gained more than 100 yards.

"It's great when it all comes down to the last game on the last day of the season," Switzer has said. Yes, but Oklahoma can't do it alone. Texas must cooperate.



#### ROSE BOWL

Jan. 2

Michigan (10-1) vs. Washington (7-4)

It seems impossible for Michigan to lose the Rose Bowl to Washington. The Wolverines scored 30.3 points a game and rank fourth nationally in allowing the fewest points per game (8.8). The strong backfield consists of veterans Rick Leach, Harlan Huckleby and Russ

sell Davis and an explosive sophomore, Roosevelt Smith. The defense is hard-nosed, and the line blocking, featuring top pro prospects Walt Downing and Mark Donahue, is the best in years. For its part, Washington had four losses, including one to UCLA, and clinched its Pac-8 title only when USC whipped the Bruins.

Sure, something could go wrong. Michigan occasionally goes to pieces, as it did in October when it lost to Minnesota. In its slow start (1-3), Washington lost to the Gophers, too, but with Warren Moon throwing to Spider Games the Huskies developed into the type of team that can score quickly. Washington also has sophomore Joe Steele, who took the halfback job away from Ron Rowland, the Huskies' first 1,000-yard rusher since Hugh McElhenry. The best hope for the Pac-8 champion is to force Michigan into trying

to play catch-up, which it did so ineffectually against USC in the Rose Bowl last year. If that happens, expect Linebacker Michael Jackson to play a key role in keeping the Wolverines locked up.

Big Ten teams have lost eight of the past 10 Rose Bowls. Last year Michigan turned belly up after arriving in Pasadena with a 10-1 record, ranked No. 2 and in contention for the national championship. West Coast was made jokes about the Wolverines and their reluctance to pass. One wrote, "They seemed to like the ground so much they'll probably take a bus back to Ann Arbor." So Michigan may have been stung into developing a more diversified attack: Leach threw for 1,169 yards this season compared to 897 last year. The Wolverines should be flying high on their way back to Ann Arbor after the 1978 Rose Bowl.



#### BLUEBONNET BOWL

Dec. 31

Texas A&M (8-3) vs. USC (7-4)

The Bluebonnet Bowl is not where USC and Texas A&M were supposed to wind up. The preseason pollsters figured that USC would win its 23rd Pac-8 championship and Texas A&M its 13th Southwest Conference title. But the Trojans' conference losses to Cali-

fornia and Washington and the Aggies' inability to handle Arkansas or Texas precluded trips to Pasadena and Dallas and diverted both teams to Houston. Much the same thing happened in 1973, when the Aggies and the Trojans got the late-season lanes and ended up playing each other in the Liberty Bowl. USC won that one, 20-0.

Both teams have offenses that are brilliant on occasion, but USC is better defensively and has a definite edge in passing. Rob Herschel's 15 touchdown throws and 1,897 yards broke Trojan records, and Randy Simmin tied Lynn Swan's single-season reception mark of 95. Tailback Charles White is a 1,291-yard back, giving the Trojans balance. The defense, featuring Clay Matthews and Dennis Thurman, was the stingiest in the Pac-8 against the run. USC's losses, especially at California and Washington, were a result of offensive lapses.

Texas A&M's biggest problem is catching up when it falls behind. The Aggie wishbone is not well suited for passing. Quarterback David Walker threw 107 times for only 749 yards. With more balance, A&M might have lived up to expectations. Certainly, with giant Fullback George Woodard and flashy Halfback Curtis Dickey, its running game was potent. The two backs rushed for 1,107 and 978 yards, respectively. A&M's 3,304 yards left the Aggies only 5.9 yards a game behind Texas as the SWC's top rushing team.

When the Aggies lost, however, they lost big: 41-3 to Michigan and 27-28 to Texas. And after the Texas game the Aggies were backluster in a 27-7 victory over Houston. As for USC, the Trojans closed out their season with an uplifting last-minute 29-27 win over UCLA, which was playing for a Rose Bowl bid. Both teams have momentum, but USC is the more likely to keep it.

continued



## PEACH BOWL

Dec. 31

North Carolina St. (7-4) vs. Iowa St. (8-3)

It's a war between the States, in technicolor: Iowa State, wearing cardinal and gold, features Green. North Carolina State, in red and white, stars Brown. Green is Dexter Green, a breakaway halfback who rushed for 1,240 yards, caught a team-high 20 passes and scored a team-high 15 touchdowns to lead

the Cyclones to second place in the Big Eight. Brown is Ted Brown, a breakaway halfback who rushed for 1,251 yards, caught a team-high 24 passes and scored 14 touchdowns to lead the Wolfpack to a 7-4 record and third place in the Atlantic Coast Conference. As Brown and Green go, so go their States.

Green and Brown both should go well because the Cyclone and Wolfpack defenses couldn't handle the 1,000-yard backs they faced. North Carolina's Amos Lawrence ripped the Wolfpack for 216 yards; Nebraska's L. M. Hipp and Oklahoma State's Terry Miller netted 165 and 155 vs. the Cyclones.

Normally a Big Eight runner-up would be heavily favored over an ACC also-ran, but Iowa State's offense spluttered badly on occasion, notably in losses to Iowa and Colorado, and the Cyclones have lost their only two bowl games. North Carolina State has

had its troubles in big games, too, losing 27-14 to ACC champ North Carolina and then to runner-up Clemson 7-3, but the last time it met a Big Eight team it whipped Kansas in the 1973 Liberty Bowl.

Despite different offenses—Iowa State uses an I, the Wolfpack a veer—these teams attack in much the same fashion. Both call upon their halfbacks often and have reliable fullbacks—North Carolina's Billy Ray Vickers rushed for 726 yards and Iowa State's Cal Cummins, despite injuries, carried for 518.

The Wolfpack defense shut out Syracuse and Virginia but yielded 32 and 28 points to Duke and East Carolina. Iowa State was more consistent. Cornerback Kevin Hart and Tackles Tom Randall and Mike Stensrud form the heart of the Big Eight's toughest defense to score upon. That edge should be what leaves the red and white feeling blue.



## SUN BOWL

Dec. 31

Stanford (8-3) vs. LSU (8-3)

Forget for the moment that the Sun Bowl has a pairing of unranked teams with three defeats each. This could easily turn out to be the wildest postseason game of all.

Stanford has the nation's third-best passing attack and, in Guy Benjamin, the No. 1

quarterback in America. LSU has the nation's sixth-best rushing offense and, in Tailback Charles Alexander, the No. 2 running back in the country. What makes it wild is that Stanford's defense was the Pacific Eight's worst at stopping the run. And, yup, LSU's defenders were dead last in the Southeastern Conference at stopping the pass.

Alexander dashed for 1,686 yards, an SEC record, and scored 17 touchdowns, third-best in the nation. Fullback Kelly Simmons added 387 yards and Steve Ensminger kept things honest by passing for 952 yards, mostly to Carlos Carson, whose 24 yards per catch and 10 TD receptions topped the SEC.

Benjamin spreads his passes around among Darnin Nelson (59 receptions), Bill Keller (46) and James Lofton (53), a spectacular flanker who is also an All-America long jumper. Nelson, a freshman, using the blocks of

6' 6" Tackle Gordon King and pass-vented defenses to full advantage, also rushed for 1,069 yards to become Stanford's first 1,000-yard back.

Each team has developed a solid kicking game after unsure beginnings, but neither defense stands out, although Stanford's Gordy Ceresino and LSU's John Adams make noises when they hit. Both teams crushed Oregon, but the 2-9 Ducks outpassed LSU and outstrutted Stanford. So which team looks better? "Between those two, I can't predict a thing," says Oregon Coach Rich Brooks.

Against Wyoming, the best passing team LSU met, the Tigers exploded 66-7. Stanford was drubbed 49-0 by USC, the strongest running team it met. Wyoming may not be up to USC standards, but good ground teams are supposed to be beat good passing ones, aren't they? So figure LSU.



## GATOR BOWL

Dec. 30

Clemson (8-2-1) vs. Pittsburgh (8-2-1)

At first glance, Pittsburgh and Clemson seem to be mirror images. Pitt is ranked 10th, Clemson 11th. Both yield points grudgingly, 11.7 and 11.9 a game, respectively. Both finished 8-2-1. Both lost squeakers to Notre Dame. Both have new coaches. On top of that, Pitt's Jackie Sherrill and Clemson's Charley Pell

played together, at Alabama in 1962. Sherrill was a freshman, Pell a senior. Says Sherrill, "I remember he put a few knots on my head."

In truth, the defenses are slightly different. Up front Pitt is big and pushy. Clemson is smaller and quicker, especially at linebacker, where Randy Scott fills holes as quickly as they open. Clemson's secondary was patched together this fall while Pitt's Bob Jury, J. C. Wilson, LeRoy Felder and Jeff Delaney are a 2-year-old unit, giving the Panthers an edge there.

But the biggest dissimilarity is on offense. With Matt Cavanaugh, arguably the nation's best quarterback, throwing to flashy Gordon Jones, Pitt has an attack that struck for 35.8 points a game, fifth best in the nation. Jones also is a dazzling punt returner. Clemson grinds it out, mainly over the right side behind Joe Bosile and Lacy Brumley. Tailbacks Warren Ruchford and Lester Brown pro-

duced 1,032 yards rushing between them. Quarterback Steve Fuller ran for 578 more. Should the rushing game bog down, Fuller, who was selected ACC Player of the Year, will not be stymied, he threw for 1,497 yards in the regular season.

This is the first meeting between the Panthers and the Tigers, but Pitt is 17-10 against other ACC teams. These Panthers have an edge in bowl experience, seven starters having played in last year's Sugar Bowl, while Clemson was 3-6-2 and stayed home. Notre Dame players say Pitt is much stronger and predict that the key to this matchup is whether the Tigers' offense can control the ball. "Clemson can't get into a 1-2-3 punt contest with them," says Irish Coach Dan Devine. "Pitt's strength is its defense, and they are going to force a turnover." Don't expect any more knots to appear on Jackie Sherrill's head. It seems to add up to a Panther victory.

continued



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# LAS VEGAS



**FIESTA BOWL**

Dec. 25

Arizona St. (9-2) vs. Penn St. (10-1)

Another between States—Penn and Arizona, two perennial Top 20 teams with two redoubtable coaches. Penn State's Joe Paterno has the nation's best winning percentage (81%). Arizona State's Frank Kush ranks third (73%). They've never met before, and after seeing each other's offense they might wish they never do again.

In winning 10 of 11, Penn State rang up 31.6 points and 422.4 yards a game. Arizona State (9-2) averaged 422.1 yards and 33.5 points. Both run as often as they pass. Both have explosive kick returners. Penn State's Jimmy Cefalo leads the nation (13.7 yards); Arizona State's John Harris is 11th with an 11.6 average. In Cefalo, Mickey Shuler and Scott Fitzkie, Lion Quarterback Chuck Fusina has the premier receiving corps in Penn State history. In All-America John Jefferson, Sun Devil Quarterback Dennis Sproul has a receiver whom Kush rates the best he's ever coached. Sproul hurt his back in the season finale and may sit out, but backup Fred Mortenson can throw, too.

On defense, All-America Guard Randy Sidler seems to give Penn State an edge. But you can't prove it statistically. The Lions gave up 14.2 points a game, the Sun Devils 13.0.

Ah, but consider the opposition. Ties excluded, Penn State's 11 opponents won 69 of 119 games, 57%, the highest percentage in the nation. Among them were Pittsburgh, which lost only to Notre Dame and Penn State and is also bowl-bound, and Kentucky (10-1), which would be, too, were the Wildcats not on probation. On the other hand, Arizona State's opponents won just 44 of 120 games, 36%, and none is in a bowl. Nine of those rivals had losing seasons, and three—Northwestern, Oregon State and Texas-El Paso—finished in the cellar of their respective conferences. Only Brigham Young and Colorado State were over 500. The Sun Devils had to hang on to beat the Cougars and were dumped 25-14 by the Rams.

In four Fiesta Bowl appearances, Kush's teams have never been beaten. Penn State is coming off back-to-back losses in the Sugar and the Gator. Both streaks should end Christmas Day.

Scouting Reports—MICHAEL DELNAGRO

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## SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

# WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG

By **FRANK DEFORD**

Among the sports celebrities of 1977 were schoolboys and girls, a ninth-grader who was the toast of Forest Hills, an 8-year-old who made Frank Shorter blink, a playground star who led grown men a merry dance. Their wondrous skills delighted all who watched, and brought refreshment and a certain joy to big-time athletics. But of all the prodigies, none burst on the scene so remarkably or garnered as much glory as Steve Cauthen, 17, who just 12 months ago was a bug boy at a bush track and now is Sportsman of the Year.

**T**he high school in Walton, Ky.—of red brick, fringed by a garden of daffodil bushes—lies in the lee of the interstate that winds out of the Bluegrass, roaring north toward the Ohio and the city of Cincinnati, 20 miles away. The school is the largest building in Walton, for it must be big enough to hold all the children of the town, and all those of the neighboring hamlet of Verona, and all the high school myths and memories of anybody who visits.

High schools are our commonest common denominator. Good Lord, they all even smell the same, that stale institutional odor that can be disturbed only by another ringing bell. End of the period. The children fall out into the corridors, moving with a special rhythm, at a pace they will never again employ in life. Nothing else in the human experience resembles the break between classes.

In a room just beyond the clamor, the assistant principal, Mr. Tyler, muses: "Let's see now, Steve would be a junior if he were still here, wouldn't he?"

"A senior, I think."

*continued*







## CAUTION continued

"Oh, yeah, that's right. He used to go around with Gordon and Stephenson, that crowd." There was nothing special about the boy: a nice little fellow, good family, an industrious enough student, but capable of the usual adolescent hijinks. He liked to trampoline, and some people knew he rode horses at 4-H.

There is peace in the halls again, between-classes concluded, and soon only an outsider's heels click upon the linoleum. Almost as one, the students of Walton Verona High School stare curiously out their open classroom doors. Who dares violate these halls before the bell? And only now, looking back at these chil-





dren—in this everyday setting, observing their normal, everyday routine—only at this moment does the full incongruity and enormity of what Steve Cauthen has done loom clearly.

It is not enough to marvel that at the age of 17 he has accomplished more in a year than any jockey in history. It is not enough that already there exists the mad school of thought that this little boy is the finest rider of all time. These are incredible things to ponder about someone so young, but somehow, as young as he is—and younger-looking still—the immensity of his achievement in 1977 cannot be properly under—

*continued*



## THE RUNNERS-UP



## CAUTHEN continued

stood until you stand in his high school and see the open country faces of the other children of Walton and realize that Steve Cauthen should be there among them still. He should be a senior in high school this day, hearing the bells and whiffing the smell.

And he would be . . . but for the coincidence of his size and his family background, but for the depth of his desire and some amazing gift of God that no one can comprehend.

Instead, almost at this very moment, several hundred miles away, when a bell rings, Steve Cauthen will burst from the starting gate at Aqueduct, bound to his horse in consummate harmony, seamless, one with the creature—a prodigy like none we have ever seen before, the leading money rider of any year, a fearless athlete, a resolute little doll-person, Sportsman of the Year, so very tiny, so very young, so very extraordinary and ageless in his grace at this one thing he does that he always calls "race riding."

By now Pelé seems more demigod than man, unique genius of soccer, messiah of the game in North America, goodwill ambassador extraordinary (the man for whom they interrupted the Biafran war). When he played his 1,363rd and last game in October before a Pelé-sized crowd of 76,000 in New Jersey and then was lifted onto shoulders, waving the flags of the U.S. and Brazil, the ovation bespoke worship as well as admiration.

His home is crossroads from the school, a horse farm of 40 acres, hard by a train track and the county line. His room has been left untouched, so that there is the sensation of boarding one of those ships in the Bermuda Triangle, where everything is in perfect order, but there are no people. Steve's textbooks—*Modern Biology* being the most imposing volume—and the ribbons he won at horse shows stand out as artifacts from that distant era.

In New York, he boards with old family friends, but Cauthen's real habitat is the jock's room at Aqueduct (or Belmont or Santa Anita in season) where he has the honor of an end locker, catty-cornered from Jorge Velasquez who, coincidentally, held the old New York riding record of 299 wins in a year. Cauthen will top that by almost 150, which, if you will, is comparable to a rookie hitting 90 home runs in the big leagues. His mounts have won more than \$6 million, exceeding Angel Cordero's record of \$4,709,500 by a full 27%. Three times this year the kid rode six winners on a nine-race program; four times he rode five; one week he rode 23. His best mounts, the 2-year-old Affirmed and the grass-running Johnny D., won Eclipse Awards—top U.S. honors—in their categories, because Cauthen gave them perfect rides in a couple of their major races. Withal, he missed a whole month of work after a gruesome spill in which his mount broke a leg, and he broke a wrist and two fingers, cracked some ribs, took 25 stitches and a concussion. He came back, galloped horses two days, and won his first race out on a colt named (no doubt by angels in heaven) Little Miracle.

In the process, Cauthen also became a phenomenon, which is really neither here nor there, but which does help us understand better the person and the exalted place he suddenly assumed in his sport's orbit. So much of Cauthen's saga is tied to the peculiar institution that is pari-mutuel horse racing, which has always been a hybrid entertainment and which recently has become a distressed industry as well. For a time the kid blew a breath of joy and humanity into a callous and cynical wheel. That moment is

continued

If Pelé's moment rang like temple bells, Reggie Jackson's had a disco beat, the passions of the street. "Reg-gie!" they cried, over and over, when he hit homer No. 1 for the Yankees in the sixth, decisive World Series game against Los Angeles. Again, "Reg-gie!" for No. 2. And "Reg-gie!" in decibels to wake the Babe himself, whose single-game record he tied when No. 3 fell, hugely distant, beyond Yankee Stadium's center-field fence.

## CAUTHEN

continued

gone—the business of thoroughbred racing is business—but in the nuclear glare in which young Cauthen was scrutinized, we could discern the man's elegance behind the boy's downy countenance.

But make no mistake; while all of racing is a bet, each race is a sport. What Cauthen does is as athletic as what Lydell Mitchell and Pete Maravich and Guy Lafleur do with their bodies. In a way it is even more so, for their bodies are their own, not, perforce, attached to some 1,000-pound beast, charging 35 miles an hour, with brains as fragile as its sesamoids. "The horse is such a beautiful animal," Cauthen says. "When you're on him, in control of him, moving with him as one, it is a beautiful feeling." And then, in some reverse: "The best is when you're almost getting him to know what you want to do."

Almost. The very best is only almost. And sometimes you are all out, in close, side by side with jockeys who are as dim-witted or panicky as their mounts. Or, you are dead clear, unbothered—like in the fourth at Belmont on May 23, on Bay Sreak. "What happened?" a microphoneperson demanded a few days later, as the child in the wheelchair came out of the hospital with his mother. "Horse snapped a leg," said Steve Cauthen into the metallic thing thrust into his bruised little face.

And Velasquez' mount, onrushing, had stumbled over him. Horse snapped a leg. Horse will snap a leg in some other race, too. "I haven't got any fears," the kid says now, summing up this old inconvenience.

**R**acing has few heroes. The Secretariats are shuffled off to the equine massage parlors as soon as they attract some fond attention to the sport. Jockeys are too small to identify with, and the general public perceives them as crooked little Munchkins at that. Besides, most of the good ones these days are foreigners—"the Spanish boys," as they are dismissed cavalierly.

Unlike other well-known athletes, jockeys appear from thin air. This makes them even more suspect. Who are these elves? Had Steve Cauthen been comparably talented in any other sport, he would have been a community celebrity at 13, a high school demigod, his value certified by the presence of scores of college and professional scouts. Everybody in Boone County knew about Lenny Spicer, who graduated from Walton Verona High in 1975 and signed with the Pittsburgh Pirates.

But few in Boone County were aware that Steve Cauthen was even contemplating a career. And you can't ride a race until you ride a race. There is no spring training "I was ready to die after I rode my first race," he says. "There's no way to get fit galloping. People have no idea."

People had no idea that, for years, the little boy had sat up nights with his father, a racetrack blacksmith, studying patrol films from River Downs. No one knew that he had worked summers at the track, mucking stalls, walking hots, staying around the starting gate; listening, learning, ingesting every nuance of race riding. Who had any idea? His friend Todd Stephenson stayed over at the Cauthens one night, and so he found out that Steve would get up at 4

a.m. and, in the pitch dark, dress and go out to the barn and sit on a bale of hay, and for two hours, in the still pre-dawn silence that might be disturbed only by a train whistle, he would practice whipping. Alone, in the red barn, he learned to switch the stick from one hand to the other, to tag the horse precisely upon his tailbone. He learned.

His father gave him the anvil, but it was Steve Cauthen, the child, who heated the metal and banged himself into the shape that stunned experts when they first saw him ride. "A lot of jockeys start training a few months before they start riding," Cauthen says. "I grew up to be a horse-man, not just a jockey."

Because he was such a mysterious new presence and such an appealing figure (and because he was naïve-born), he captured the imagination of the country. Johnny Carson told Steve Cauthen jokes, gen-u-wine media celebs like Barbara Howard chased him cross-country for an interview; and such was the everyday journalistic crunch that once, by the scales, two TV crews fought a pitched battle over camera locations. "I'd come into the jocks' room in the morning, and there'd be five guys waiting," the kid recalls. "And they'd be screaming: 'I was first.' 'I'm next,' begging me to talk to them. It was ridiculous."

But if Cauthen was a comet in the insatiable Famous People Industry—in the 1977 parade, videotape highlights will show him marching somewhere between Anita Bryant and R2-D2—he threw a monkey wrench into the machinery of racing wherever he rode. Until June 28 he kept a five-pound apprentice allowance—he, gang, let's give Rod Carew four strikes—that utterly destroyed the equipoise of the ancient system. Worse, there was no price to be had on his races.

Strangely, Cauthen's success proved how far horse racing is out of the mainstream of American life. He didn't sell. To be sure, for a substantial fee, he rode Steve Cauthen Days at various outback ovals—Penn National, Latonia, Hazel Park, etc.—and invariably he pulled warm, record-type crowds, but this was largely an intramural matter of churning up a devoted existing constituency. Horse racing has no rub-off. While Cauthen is the Bruce Jenner of 1977, the Simpson or Seaver of his sport, while he grossed 600 or 700 grand, he made little beyond the fringe: not a single endorsement.

Thus, in a perverse way, while Cauthen is the biggest star in the most crass sport of all, he has quietly returned to his roots, as pure a major athletic commodity as there is to be found. Often nowadays he rises at dawn and goes to the track just to drink coffee and hang around. "Saturday was always my favorite day when I was growing up, because then I could be around racetrack people," he says. "Nobody makes me come out mornings now. I just like the atmosphere. I like the people at a racetrack—that's my people."

His is a scrawny little voice, rather what you might expect, given his size. But it is of honest timbre, almost devoid of backwoods inflection, and those grown-ups who have spoken to Cauthen intelligently about things within his ken have found him articulate, even garrulous.

"I'm not a headline freak," he says. "I never wanted the publicity. All I wanted was to be appreciated by the people around me, racetrack people. But I understand the public-

continued

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That's why... 8 hours a day, 5 days a week... someone... somewhere is feeling camshafts for Ford Motor Company engines.

## The Camshaft Feeler Test



Any engine that really wants to go into a Ford, Mercury or Lincoln car has to pass The Hot Test... and that's ten tough tests!

#1... Oil Pressure, #2... Fuel-Air Mixture, #3... Ignition Timing, #4... Engine Noise, #5... Coolant Leaks, #6... Fuel Leaks, #7... Oil Leaks, #8... Idling Smoothness, #9... Overall Engine Performance, #10... Exhaust Leaks.

Every engine Ford Motor Company builds has to pass everyone of these 10 final tests.

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This Red Hot Test is no picnic. It's the Engine Durability Test. Engines that get picked for this tough test have to run on a dynamometer for 100 hours at throttle speeds up to 125 mph.

Exhaust pipes get red hot... hot enough to toast a marshmallow. After one-hundred-red-hot-hours, engines get torn down and checked out... for wear and tear.

Now that's a tough test. But, tough testing makes for tough engines so at Ford Motor Company we do a lot of it.

## The Red Hot Test



It's simple. Ford wants to be your car company.

## CAUTHEN

continued

ity stuff. In New York, everything's got to do with business. Somebody comes to you because they need you. They don't necessarily have bad intentions. They just need you at that time. I don't mind. Now last spring, I was a tired kid. But it's O.K. now. I always wanted just the one thing, to be a race rider, and this is the place to be one."

Professionally, Cauthen is bred as well as any foal ever dropped in the Bluegrass. On the home side is the father, the blacksmith, Ronald (Tex) Cauthen. On the shop side is his agent, Lenny Goodman. One was raised in Sweetwater, Texas; the other came outta your Brooklyn. Between the two, between Sweetwater and Brooklyn, there is no virtue or value in race riding that has not been imparted to the child.

Tex Cauthen is the salt of the earth. He grew late, to 5' 9", and so no matter what the doctors say, he is not altogether convinced that his oldest son won't shoot up a few more inches from his present 5' 1". If so, if so. Even now, the father's primary emotion about his son is being happy for him. The rest he takes in stride. "I just feel that Steve's doing what he's supposed to be doing," he says.

His wife Myra has trained horses, as have a brother and a brother-in-law. And her father owned horses. It's in the family. She met Tex at the track. They are nice-looking people, but they don't look a thing alike. He is dark and round, and she is light and angular. And Steve doesn't look at all like either of them. Apparently, he got the least of their height and the best of the rest of them.

The Cauthens bought the farm in Walton in 1965, when Steve was five, and they keep broodmares there. At tracks like Latonia, a few miles up the road, or at River Downs, Tex Cauthen earns \$27 for shoeing a horse. It is one of the most honest professions. There are no shortcuts. All about the Cauthen living room are pictures of horses winning races for members of the family—trainer or rider—but the one large painting over the fireplace is of a smith shoeing a bay. This helps to keep things in perspective. The Cauthens remain very much in perspective. The neighbors, ever-vigilant watchdogs in strike-it-rich cases such as this, detect no new airs. The *Walton Advertiser* wrote a nice story on the local boy when he passed Cordero's earnings record, but, in keeping with priorities, the lead story that edition featured John Williams of Bracht Piner Road, who was cited for raising a 17½-pound muskmelon.

The Cauthens did splurge and buy a phone recording machine, but this marked change in life-style mainly assists strangers who mispronounce the family name. Most say the first syllable as in coffin or cough, while correctly it is as in cotton, with an h: Cothin.

The family is from England, possibly Cornwall, and moved west to Sweetwater via the Carolinas. Myra Cauthen is a Bischoff, from the Bluegrass. She grew up on a horse farm not four miles from where she is raising her family. Besides Steve, there are Doug, 14, and Kerry, eight. The house is comfortable, and the home is filled with ample amounts of affection and respect.

"I got everything from my mother and father," Steve says. "They're loving parents. And the main thing is, they

gave me the love I needed when I needed it. And that's why I'm where I'm at."

Nonetheless, to maintain this felicitous location, it helps to have Lenny Goodman sharing the address. A jockey's agent is crucial to the rider's success, as his fee of up to 25% attests. Agents are allowed only one customer, so a kind of symbiotic relationship develops. This is revealed best by the agents' sloppy use of pronouns. They say things like "I ride the six-horse," when, to every other naked eye, it appears that the 75% is in the irons.

As Tex Cauthen discovered when he went comparison shopping among agents, Goodman is regarded as the best in the land—a view that probably is shared by Goodman himself. Quite often he prefaces remarks with: "Tell me if I'm wrong"—which a person never dares say unless he is secure in the knowledge that no one will and he isn't.

In tandem, Goodman and Cauthen resemble characters out of Dickens. A single glance suggests that this backstreet sharpie must have obtained this innocent child from a foundling home in order to perpetrate some nefarious caper. But stay around, and see that it is no overlay. The kid, in his way, is every bit as dapper as his emissary. Cauthen finds it hard to pass a mirror by without slyly inspecting his profile and searching for wayward hairs to put back into place. In civilian attire he favors a soft camel-hair cap of a sort fashionable half a century ago, and his dark, melancholy eyes give the eerie sensation that this 95-pound child is Babe Ruth, shrunken by jungle specialists.

**G**oodman, on the other hand, comes prepackaged: Guccis, pinkie ring, hefty cigar, color coordinates. His silver hair, brushed back, glimmering, suggests that he has watched too many Victor Mature movies. And tell me if I'm wrong: Lenny Goodman can touch his tie. This is a lost art, going the way of shooting cuffs. Just a touch at the knot at the right time. Very few gentlemen can still do it just so. And, for that matter, with all the Sunbelt turning away from four-in-hands to wearing chains and necklaces, you are not going to see much more tie touching.

There is a wonderfully sly communion between this disparate pair: Goodman, with his crinkly eyes, jesting with his pink-cheeked meal ticket. The kid does a great deadpan. "I'm riding this in th' ninth Sar'day, yabear," Lenny announces, making subtleties in the air with his big cigar. The farm boy cocks his head, just enough to indicate which one it is who is still drawing the 75%. Lenny smiles. Neither one of them is going anywhere. "Lenny's making more money than the United Fund," another agent explains.

"Natural talent, sure," Lenny says of his boy. "But tell me if I'm wrong. There is no one around with a head like this child. Instinct, talent, intelligence. Put it all together, it spells Mother... or somethin'."

Cauthen goes back to his locker to prepare for another ride. He is truly scrawny, a fact accentuated by his ghostly complexion. But then, all jocks must be transformed. Their room is like a wizard's laboratory—such a surprisingly drab place of browns and blacks, tack and trunks, peopled by tiny specimens in white knickers and, even, terrycloth robes.

continued



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Only at the last do they charge and leave, suddenly adorned in gaudy colors, flicking whips in the air with bravado.

Cauthen inspects his whips before the day's races, testing them. Then, carefully, one selected, he trims it with scissors. A whip is a crucial implement, but ultimately it is merely an extension of the hands. It is his hands that measure a jockey. "A horse gets the knowledge through your hands," Cauthen says. "He gets confidence in the way you use your hands." In the final strides of a close race, the accomplished jockey puts the whip away and rides the horse a cappelletto, tight to the body, flowing with him, lending him energy and the human competitive element in ways that a whipping cannot transmit. The whole body is intimately involved in the exercise. The thighs, the feet, the shoulders, all pumping. But always it has been known as a hand ride, for it is the hands that tell the tale in race riding.

Cauthen's hands are outsized, the only large aspect of his body. But they are not farm boy ham hocks. Even with the mean scar from the Belmont spill cutting across the top of his right hand, Cauthen's hands appear to be the fine, long instruments of the esthete. And down to the wire, they ride a horse. Already, on the backside, there are whispers that some of the very best riders are spooked now when they hook the kid in the last furlong.



There is no way to explain this magic that Cauthen has with horses. He is a natural athlete, of course. He has the necessary instincts. He senses pace; the clock in his head. Reflexively, he stays out of trouble. Joe Hirsch, columnist for the *Daily Racing Form*, who has seen the boy ride a thousand or more races, swears he has never once seen him make a mistake. Never.

But nothing else matters if the jock lacks the ability to inspire the animal. That is the mystic gift, which none of them—Shoemaker, Cordero, or the child—can explain. Cauthen says that the horses he rides again exhibit no recognition of him on sight, but they often do seem to remember him when he settles upon their backs. Somehow this is revealing. Perhaps the horses sense that he cares.

"You always want to win, sure," the kid says, "but the important thing is to get the most out of your horse. If he runs the best he can, wherever he finishes, I feel good—for him and for me. And when you cross that finish line first on a horse who is not the best—and you know it—that's the greatest feeling of all."

There is a moment, somewhere, when the most beautiful and accomplished pair of sport turns to art. But athletes are probably wrongly identified as artists. Rather, they are the art, not the author of it. Julius Erving is not a poet of the basketball court, he is a poem. As Reggie Jackson is not a drummer, but a tympani flourish; Muhammad Ali not an actor, but a prime-time series. What more shall we say: that Walter Payton is a brushstroke, Jimmy Connors a rousing chorus, Pelé a hymn? And Cauthen, what is he? It is hard yet to be certain. There are times, at the wire, when he reposes upon an easel, but other times when he seems too lusty for that, and we think of him as a ballad.

"When all the world is young, lad,

And all the trees are green,

And every goose a swan, lad—

And every lass a queen,

Then hey for hoot and horse, lad.

And round the world away—

Hey, hey, for boot and horse, lad!"

Yes—but in the end, Steve Cauthen remains a fairy tale, for it is not only that he has come so far so quickly, so improbably, it is that he has come from one existence to another, overnight, like frogs and princes. He may be the last of the line. Cincinnati will swallow up Walton, Ky, soon enough. Horses and blacksmiths will be confined to race-tracks, as hoop skirts and carriages are to Williamsburg. No boy will grow up as a horseman, riding horses from childhood, feeding and tending them, practicing to master them upon bales of hay before dawn.

Riders will be made in Taiwan.

Walton will be made into suburbs. Already, says Ab Ryan, down at his implement store, his business in Walton is going toward lawn mowers, away from farm equipment. The kids drive up the interstate to Florence, where the big shopping mall is, and kick tires over at McDonald's; the town got government money for city-style sewers (instead of septic systems) and now ranch houses are flying up.

Oh, it is not all gone yet. There is still a town water tank, inscribed with high school class numerals and the names of first loves. The main street, named Main Street, still features an ordinate number of houses of worship, beauty parlors and auto body shops, and a billboard at the edge of town urges that citizens re-think this business about our getting mixed up with the United Nations. Posters advise that a turkey shoot is coming up: "So come out and enjoy a shoot and win a little something."

And there are still the trains in Walton. Two tracks run through town: the L&N, which stands for Louisville and Nashville, and the Southern, which goes by the Cauthen farmhouse. The engineer pulls his whistle right there, as the freight chugs into Walton, and it sounds loud and clear in the house, shrill enough to disrupt conversation, and shrill enough, for sure, to nourish the dreams of any child who ever heard it there, just as train whistles have sung to ambitious farm boys down through all the years.

Steve Cauthen knew exactly where he was going. He would tell his friends he was leaving very soon to become the best race rider in the world. He would tell them that flat-out, says his classmate Mark Gordon, who will himself be leaving Walton after graduation this May, to join the Marines. And the other kids would hoot and mock Steve, call him "Superyock," and flick towels at him. But it was in fun, and Steve would keep saying it, matter-of-factly. It was no big deal, it was just that he thought he could go out and be the best race rider in the world.

And he was absolutely right. "What Steve has done, you can compare it with soap opera," says Mark Gordon.

Steve Cauthen, his old friend, class of '78, says, "It's a pretty good achievement. It never happened to any other kid in the business."

Tell him if he is wrong

END

# SPEAKING OF YOUTH WHAT A YEAR!



While Steve Cauthen was tall in the saddle, a number of other young athletes were making their marks in what proved to be a vintage year for youth. Smallest of them all was 8-year-old, 70-pound Wesley Paul of Columbia, Mo. (left), who barely reaches Bill Rodgers' fetlock. A well-seasoned runner—he went from a toddle to a trot at 3—Wesley flickered through and among the big folks at the New York City Marathon to finish the 26 miles, 385 yards in 3:00:31, his best time so far and an age-group world record. Another veteran campaigner, at 14, was California's Tracy Austin (right), a familiar figure in pigtails and pin-afore, the U.S. women's 18-and-under singles champ and youngest ever to play at Wimbledon and in the U.S. Open. A gallery of others appears on the pages that follow, plus a profile of Eric Heiden, who got his start at 2—and now holds three world speed-skating championships.

CONTINUED





After finishing eighth in the 1976 Olympics at Innsbruck, Linda Fratianne leaped ahead in 1977 to capture, first, the U.S. championship, then the world title and become queen at 16.



Twice the national junior champ by the time she was 17, Nancy Lopez has since turned pro, tied for second in two women's U.S. Opens and now, at 20, is a consistent money-winner.



A freshman, Purdue's 18-year-old Mark Herrmann threw for 2,453 yards during the season and wound up eighth in total offense. Against Iowa, Herrmann passed for five touchdowns.



Wilfredo Bentez didn't always leave them on the ropes, as he did here to Jose Chavez, but





Brooklyn playground star and 38-point scorer at Fort Hamilton High, 6' 6½" Albert King was basketball's most-recruited kid at 17, before signing at Maryland to start a college career

the 19-year-old retired undefeated as junior welter champ to take on more weighty affairs



A classic straddle-style jumper, 18-year-old Vladimir Yashchenko of the Ukraine soared to a world record 7' 7¼"—and noted that he sleeps with his track shoes under his pillow



Wheeling a rented race car on borrowed money, Californian Willy T. Ribbs, 22, ran away with England's Formula Ford title in his rookie year and won coveted "Star of Tomorrow" award.

CONTINUED

**CALL HIM**  
**KID COOL**



Eric Heiden wasn't pushed into his sport; he just kept going when all the others quit, and in one stunning season against the best speed skaters of Europe the 18-year-old coolly slashed his way to three world championships

## by KENNY MOORE



Where Observatory Road crests the hill near the University of Wisconsin campus in Madison, there are wild grapevines growing among the sumacs. On this wet late autumn morning you can peer through the foliage onto the dull surface of Lake Mendota. Beside the water are the green expanses of the university's athletic fields. If you walk a bicycle path along the lakeshore, past a flock of bobbing coos and a row of little walnut trees, you come to a chain-link fence surrounding a running track. There is a young man on the grass beside the track. He is duck walking. His torso is bent forward nearly parallel to the earth, his hands are clasped over his crotch, and he takes long, jolting steps, his outside arm swinging on the turns. He is dressed in blue nylon shorts, a long-sleeved rugby jersey, white socks and sturdy running shoes, the toes of which he drags along the turf with every recovery step. He moves in an oval, about 110 yards around. He has worn a groove, a dirt trail, in the thick sod. As he churns on, he makes noise. His heels thud sharply. His toes make a chewing sound on the crushed grass. His breath is expelled in steamy bursts.

The young man's name is Eric Heiden, and that shifty formula of genes and the world's prodding that makes some of us radiobiologists and some of us bass fishermen has made him a speed skater. The labor that he is doing now, in such contrast to the icy slide that is real speed skating, is called track skating. Each pounding lap of his little track takes about 30 seconds, roughly as long as he requires to negotiate a 400-meter rink on skates.

After 20 laps done in this agonizing fashion, Heiden rises and jogs, and you see his thighs, so thick that they rub together for half their length. He strikes one with the heel of his hand. "My back has gotten used to it," he says, "but it always gets me here. This isn't much fun." All he has done is warm up. Now he must simulate a 5,000-meter race, then a 1,500 and a 500, then do eight three-quarter-lap sprints. As he works through the 12½ laps of the 5,000, a car rolls by on an adjacent road, the driver blinking at the sight of this solitary eccentric. In the 1,500, Heiden goes harder. He stumbles when finished, trying to rise. In the all-out 500, the sound of his passage is like a scythe.

His clothes lie nearby, an orange sweat shirt and Olympic blue sweat pants; also an Olympic team watch and an orange pack filled with calculus books. When he is done with his final intervals, he jogs for a few minutes, then draws on his sweats. Heiden has arresting eyes, clear even in fatigue. They are tawny, deepening to chestnut near the pupils, cre-

ating a sense of depth, as in fine burl wood. One front tooth is chipped, nicked by the skate of an opponent he body-checked in high school hockey. Heiden climbs the fence where he has left his bicycle.

"The fence is here because when a lot of young people were rioting in 1970 to protest the Vietnam war, they would have stolen the hurdles for fires," he says. There are a lot of fences in Madison dating from that year, and a lot of memories. "My grandfather used to be the director of intramural athletics," Heiden says, "and his office was below the ROTC office, a target of the protesters. Once they threw a Molotov cocktail into his window. Everything was burned, even pictures from when he was little." When Heiden speaks of the spring of 1970, it seems long ago and far away. This is because he was then 11 years old.

Last February, when Eric Heiden was 18, he entered the senior men's World Speed-Skating Championship at Heerenveen, The Netherlands. Heiden won the 500 meters, placed third in the 1,500 and ninth in the 5,000. That kind of fade—finishing farther back as the distance increases—is the traditional one for U.S. skaters. With only the 10,000 meters remaining, Heiden was still leading for the all-round title, but Norwegians Jan-Egil Storholt, the Olympic 1,500 champion, and Sten Stensen, the Olympic 5,000 champion, were close behind and seemed so superior at the distance that Heiden figured maybe he might place third. "Actually, I thought before the 10,000 I'd be lucky just to finish," he says. Since he skated after the Norwegians, he could calculate what he had to do to win. "I needed a 15:02.8. The coach set the splits; I'd try to hit for 15:03." Heiden's best previous time was 24 seconds slower.

Speed skaters race in pairs in Olympic style competition (as distinguished from the pack style often contested in the U.S.), alternating inside and outside lanes every lap to keep the distance equal. In the 10,000, Heiden was matched with The Netherlands' Piet Kleine, none other than the Olympic champion in the event. For mile after mile they skated together, their strokes coming in perfect unison. "It was like geese in flight," says Heiden's father. Then, incredibly, Heiden drove on ahead of Kleine, finishing in 14:59.02 and becoming the first American to win the world all-round championship. He skated a victory lap supporting a wreath more appropriately sized for a horse. "It was wet and heavy," he remembers now. "And I was delirious."

A week later, in Inzell, West Germany, Heiden won three of the four races in the World Junior (under 20) championship, easily taking the all-round title. A week after that,

*continued*

at Alkmaar, The Netherlands, he won the World Sprint championship (two 500s and two 1,000s) from teammate Peter Mueller and Evgeny Kulikov of the Soviet Union, thus becoming the first skater ever to sweep the three world championships in one year.

Unprecedented success has not changed Eric Heiden's life. He is a sophomore at Wisconsin, taking calculus, psychology and biology courses with the intention of pursuing a career in sports medicine. His coach is Dianne Holm, the 1972 Olympic champion for the women's 1,500 meters. As fall has turned to winter, she has put him through harder and longer workouts than ever in preparation for a defense of his titles. (Heiden has one more year of eligibility for the junior meet; he will not be 20 until June 14.)

Heiden is a muted, well-balanced youth, but because of his accomplishments and the extraordinary volume of his training, he stimulates thoughts on the nature of prodigies. The sudden attainment of something that others work lifetimes for—and don't get—what effect does that have on a person? More basically, what can account for such ability at such an age? In Heiden's case it seems possible to catalog a few shaping forces, beginning with something as broad as the tenor of his community and ending, finally, with the whispers of his own heart.

Madison sustains 173,000 people on an isthmus between Lakes Mendota and Monona. There are plenty of good athletes here, good runners, good bikers, and because of the emphatic Wisconsin winters, good skiers, hockey players, speed and figure skaters.

Both of Heiden's parents have a lifelong commitment to active sport. Dr. Jack Heiden, an orthopedic surgeon, co-captained the Wisconsin fencing team for two years in the '50s, and now he cycles. He broke three ribs in the National Masters Cycling Championship last summer in Seattle. When Jack Heiden started a kids soccer program in Madison 10 years ago, he got 50 players to turn out. Now the league has 2,300.

Eric's mother, Nancy Heiden, a tall, direct woman of stunning vigor, is a holy terror on Madison's tennis courts. Eric's sister, Beth, a year younger, was his teammate on the 1976 Olympic team, finishing 11th in the 3,000 meters. She was fourth all-round in the women's world championship in Keystone, Colo. last February. At 5'1" and 90 pounds, she is the smallest member of the U.S. speed skating team. She briefly held the national high school girls track record for the mile (5:01.7 in 1975), she bike-races and she is a co-swimmer for a Wisconsin crew.

The Heiden family lives in a large suburban home built in 1935 by a pupil of Frank Lloyd Wright's. "The front yard is a prairie," says Beth, not in jest. Natural grasses and wild flowers grow beneath pine and European birch trees. Inside, splendid original oils are hung on the walls, while trophies and plaques are banished to stairwells. What was originally a small dance studio has been converted into a gym, with rings and skating training gear. An enormous Olympic flag covers an entire wall. "Remember how the Australian swimmer Dawn Fraser was banned from amateur competition for 10 years for stealing an Olympic flag at the Tokyo Imperial Palace in 1964?" says Beth. "Well, if Eric had

got caught, he'd have got at least 60 years for this one."

Eric smiles. "Kids will be kids," he says.

Heiden possesses an enviable ability to shift from sober maturity into impish youth and back again. When he and Beth went to bicycle races during the summer, Beth drove the family station wagon around the neighborhood, collecting young bikers from 12 to 17. On the way home one night, another carload of kids, obviously friends, pulled alongside at a stoplight. Eric slipped a water bottle to a golden-haired girl named Sarah and she leaned out the window and spied the screeching unfortunates in the next lane. Eric's glee was unalloyed. "Did you see 'em?" he crowed. "They were so defenseless all they could do was spit."

An evening in the Heiden home is a pleasant time of domestic cooperation and wide-ranging conversation. Jack Heiden is a patient, reflective man, and as the family gathers around the fire after dinner, he relates how Eric and Beth came to embrace sport with such firmness. "We seem to have gravitated to the simplest things. Living near the lakes, it was natural that the kids skated there, played hockey there," Jack recalls the day he took the 2-year-old Eric out to skate. "He kept falling over. 'I'm too little to skate,' he said. 'O.K.,' I said. 'We'll come back next week.' " But the Heiden parents don't seem to have pushed so much as simply joined in. "If anything was unusual, I guess it was that we all would spend weekends touring the lake on skates." Those must have been fine adventures for the Heiden children, judging from how fondly they speak of being caught in snowstorms, or of crossing black ice or glass ice—of having to skate with a hockey stick to discover whether there was any ice ahead at all, because they could see 20 feet through it. It was just as natural at ages five and six to take up figure skating, and then at eight to give it up in favor of the more boisterous puck racing. "Watching our children train, we became familiar with the people here who engage in aerobic activities," says Nancy Heiden. "You see the same families involved in cross-country skiing, skating, cycling and running. It's seasonal. It's nice."

But not universal. "Granted," says Jack Heiden, "we have neighbors who are into . . ."—he searches a moment to find a gentle way to put it—"fossil fuels. They water-ski, have off-road bikes, snowmobiles." He shakes his head. "I once advised a partner not to invest in snowmobile stock. 'Who's going to buy one?' I said.

"It's so hard to define sport," he continues. "Is it skills or conditioning? I'm disappointed sometimes in sports pages not making the distinction between recreation and sport, between conditioning which we all can attain, and skill, which we can't. But I think people are becoming aware of conditioning. Running is taking off, so is cross-country skiing. Those are going to change our view of sport."

Whether or not they do so immediately, it has to be a boon to have such paternal understanding at home when you spend your mornings steeping around a lonely field. Eric agrees, and brings out his summer and fall training schedule, a complicated sheet describing a week's workouts. Few are repeated. "Dianne gives as much variety as

continued

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*Kodak gifts say: "Open me first"  
...to save Christmas in pictures.*



possible," he says. Both Heidens did two workouts a day, not counting soccer or crew practice. Every week there were sessions of lifting weights to exhaustion, running sprints, running hills, running distance (14 miles is Eric's longest, so far), circuit training, lifting weights for speed, dry skating (jumping from one leg to the other in the skating position), bike sprints, slide boarding (another skating simulation in which one wears heavy wool socks and slides back and forth across a 10-foot formica board equipped with foam pads at each end), track skating and bike races, the last usually on Wednesday nights. At one 30-mile bike race an official watched Beth and Eric beaten in a final sprint, and said, "I've seen Eric in front most of the way, breaking the wind for everyone, and afterward he'll look just horrible, all pale and sick. 'Are you all right?' I'll say, and he'll look at the sky and say, 'Yeah, it's just that I've been running the stadium steps all day.'"

When the refrigerated rink in West Allis, near Milwaukee, opened recently, the Heidens left Madison at noon every day and skated from 2 to 6:30. There are two workouts a day on the ice, punctuated by calisthenics and vigorous running. Often, diesel fumes from a nearby expressway clog the air. And there are cold fronts, snapping the temperature down to 20° below. "Then you wear warm-ups to train," says Eric. "One time we were supposed to do 50 laps of intervals by skating 10 hard and taking rests. I skated all 50 at once to get it over with. Then I couldn't stand up. On days like that, your crotch gets it the worst."

On days like that, the observer is often impelled to ask, simply, why? In many ways it is an unfair question. Who among us can summarize his motives? Who is not moved by alternating blasts of tradition, fear, hope and others' expectations? It is only because a suffering athlete's driving for home seems so powerfully indicative of certainty, of self-knowledge, that we grow curious. Also, when motives are at their most intense, they are often the least observed. When Heiden is older, he will surely smile, say, at his devotion to winning the junior championship after already winning the seniors, but then he will be like us, looking in, not in the midst of his own story.

"I think I try hard at most everything I do," says Eric. "Some things are pure recreation—the soccer, backpacking, water fights. . . . But I do want to win the worlds again, that's for sure. And you know, after this season there is just one more until Olympic year."

He tries one last time to explain his motives. "U.S. people don't follow skating, so you don't shoot for any kind of reward here. There is none. Just personal satisfaction. In Europe, where skating is popular, it's more like a job, I think." He muses for a while, his eyes unfocused, his face relaxed as the firelight. "It was like a dream," he says. "All the time I was looking up to those guys, those Russians and Scandinavians, saying how good they were, and suddenly . . . it's me. It doesn't seem right even now. Not yet."

It certainly wasn't a fluke. Heiden's best times for the assorted speed-skating distances compare well with anyone's. In the 500 he has done 38.03. Evgeny Kulikov's world record is 37.0. In the 1,000, Kulikov's world record is 1:15.33.

"There is an unofficial time that's faster," says Beth. "It's 1:14.47."

"Let's not worry about that," says a guest who is trying to take notes. "Let's just stick with official times."

"Well," says Beth a trifle defensively, "Eric skated it."

That record was not approved because Heiden set it this year in winning the U.S.S.R. national championship in Alma Ata, and the Soviet secretary didn't send the proper form to the International Skating Union within the required three weeks. Heiden is not bitter. "Just to get in there and see their facility, which is carved into a mountainside, was fantastic. That track was fast. You try hard to hold to the inside lane, and then you go to the outside, and it's still hard to keep to the curve." In skating, as in other Olympic disciplines, there are always intimations of Eastern secrets. "I don't know why the Russian track is so fast," he says, "but the Norwegians took a water sample from that track and now their track is really fast." Heiden, who was uneasy in the Soviet Union—"You never knew if what you said to the interpreter got through to the people"—speaks of skating there with a mixture of enthusiasm and regret. "The U.S.S.R. has about half a million people involved in speed skating. There are maybe 5,000 in the U.S." He pulls at his lower lip. "Maybe 500 in Wisconsin."

Besides her gold in Sapporo, Dianne Holum won the silver at 3,000 meters. A blunt, fiery person, she exults over Eric's potential. "How few competitive 10,000s he's had, maybe six. The Europeans do that many a year, for 10 years, to reach their best." Both Heidens have exhibited an ever-increasing capacity for work. "I love the cycles in skating," Beth says. "It's a funny sport. Just when you're sick of summer training with weights and bikes, you go to the ice. When you're raced out and sick of that, you go off. Skaters can train systematically, to peaks. But for the same reason, you can't get a lot of instant gratification. You pretty much have to be a systematic person."

Holum has coached the Heidens since 1972, a year when Anne Henning's and her own gold medals boosted American skating interest. "The Heidens were 13 and 14, in with a lot of other kids who started training hard at that time," she says. "Most of them leveled off after one year. The Heidens did, too. A lot quit then. Eric and Beth didn't. They just kept on. They have always had perfect racing temperaments. There is little visible emotion; it's all submerged in concentration, but the key was back when they hung on. You have to hang on. It's the hardest thing to teach, that you will make that jump, that sudden improvement." Holum thinks about what she has said. "It isn't really something that is taught, is it? It's like faith. Inside themselves, they believed." She pauses once more. "I wonder why?"

These are mysteries, separate unto each of us. It might have been the hopes of a special community, or the love of a special family, or something entirely different. One day we might ask Eric Heiden, and he might tell us, but that will have to be after he is Olympic champion, after he has many more times carved out great sprays of ice dust in races and taken the glassy glide home.

END

# A CHRISTMAS





# GIFT FOR FORT ZACK



*Pro basketball superstar 'Double T' Townsend injures his hand on Santa Claus Night. Thereafter, in this fictional tale of a holiday miracle, he and his team are transformed*

**BY FRANK DEFORD**

**D**ecember 22 was Santa Claus Night at the Fort Zachary Memorial Coliseum. At halftime of the game between the Fort Zachary Rapids and the champion Portland Trail Blazers, Santa Claus and his helpers came and gave little vials of perfume to the ladies, after-shave lotion to the men and teen pictures to all the children. The crowd was exuberant and the place was packed, which was important, because Sanford K. Parker, who owned the Rapids, had said that he didn't think Fort Zachary was properly "supporting" the team and he might have to move it to a more grateful city. He had in mind Miami or San Diego.

The game was exciting, too, close all the way. But then, midway of the third quarter, Taylor Townsend, "Double T," the superstar of the Rapids, took a cross-court pass from Alex Creel and cut diagonally toward the key. Double T got a half step on Bobby Gross, but the other Fort Zachary forward, Toby Larrabee, drifted into the lane, and in the process he brought his defender, Maurice Lucas, into Double T's path. It was all Double T could do to avoid crashing full force into the big Blazer forward. Instead, in one motion, he tried to pass the ball out to a guard and skip out of Lucas' way, but even so agile a player as Townsend could not pull off that maneuver. He grazed Lucas, tripped over Larrabee and fell awkwardly to the floor. Referee Richie Powers called traveling, which was charitable; it might well have been a charging foul. As a consequence, Powers was not disposed to banter with Double T when he heard him call, "Hey, Rich," from the floor.

"Come on," Powers said. "You know you walked."

*continued*



"No, man, I'm hurt. Gimme a towel," Double T whined. He began to struggle to his feet, cradling his left wrist in his right hand, and the Coliseum fell fearfully silent. On the Rapids' bench, Coach Joe Mullaney and his trainer, Bevo D'Angelo, jumped up and ran to their fallen hero, while Spader Brown, the backup center, slammed a towel to the floor and moaned out loud, "There goes the season."

The Rapids had drafted well—they were competitive everywhere except in the pivot—but any chance they had for the playoffs, let alone for the championship, lay with the brilliant Double T, the young forward now approaching the height of his powers. His average hovered around 30 points a game, and he also led Fort Zachary in assists. At 6' 6", he could handle the ball like a guard and outjump most centers. Because he had forgone his senior season at Kansas State to sign with the Rapids, he was only 23, but it was his third pro season and already he played like an old hand. He was captain of the Rapids in both name and spirit.

"What is it, Dubs?" Mullaney asked.

Double T just shook his head in pain, muttered a bad word and gave his arm to D'Angelo for inspection. He wanted as the trainer touched it here and there and pulled at the fingers. "It comes right down on it off of Lucas," he said. "What'd I do, Bev?"

"I don't think you broke it, Dubs," D'Angelo said. "But it could be. Anyway, Joe, we gotta get it X-rayed."

Mullaney sighed. "O K., you take him to St. Luke's," the coach said, and as D'Angelo led Double T off the court, the crowd—already anxiously on its feet—cheered sadly for their star. Of course, here and there, some of the fans groined that for the \$500,000 a year Townsend was asking of the Rapids to renegotiate his contract, he should play 48 minutes a game with broken arms and legs, too, if need be. Just two days before, Double T's Los Angeles agent, Eddie Razor, had announced that negotiations between his client and Parker had broken down. Razor called Parker "a cheap-skate" for refusing to offer Townsend more than \$400,000 a year, and he urged the owner to trade him immediately to the Knicks or the Lakers instead of forcing him to endure the purgatory of a full season in Fort Zachary.

D'Angelo helped Townsend dress, bundling the star up against the cold. The snow from last week's blizzard still lined the streets. It snowed a lot in Fort Zachary. It was not a fashionable place. There were not a lot of tourists or expensive accounts to "support" the Rapids; there was only real pay-check cash-and-carry. It was a blue-collar town and a lot of fans were out of work.

This night it felt like even more snow. D'Angelo's car was under cover, but still it was so cold that Double T stamped his Italian boots against the floor mat and, with his good hand, drew his \$8,000 fur coat tighter about him. It was only four blocks to St. Luke's Hospital, they made that before the car had even started to warm up.

Notwithstanding a full array of dimensore Christmas decorations, the emergency room was as grim as ever. There were some fold-out red bells, a couple of small, silver artificial trees, and a shiny, droopy streamer that said MERRY XMAS. But there were also a lot of people waiting in pain. It was only a Thursday night, but the holiday hinks had al-

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ready begun, and as Double T came into the room a swarm of walking wounded surrounded him. The doctors had been notified of his coming, however, and they quickly spirited him through the crowd, affording him emergency attention ahead of one poor fellow who was moaning horribly because he had been stabbed in the biceps with an ice pick. "Hey, Rev. man," Double T said, swatting off the adoring infirm humanity, "get me away from these suckers."

D'Angelo and some doctors formed a phalanx about Double T. Probably in the whole long history of Fort Zachary no single individual had ever been so well known. Senator Bruce Foley, the perennial Republican presidential aspirant in the '40s and '50s, had come from there, and so had Hollywood's Tag Holcomb (who grew up as Julius Weingarten in Fort Zack), but for national fame and local affection, no one could touch Double T. The franchise, Fort Zachary's only major league team, had been shifted from Cincinnati and was languishing in the cellar before Double T arrived and almost carried it to the ABA championship his rookie year. His drawing power alone had encouraged Sanford Parker to buy the team and the NBA to include Fort Zachary in the merger. Why, the Fort Zack Jaycees had voted Taylor Townsend its Young Man of the Year, and the mayor privately attributed his reelection to the fact that Double T and the Rapids had brought new pride and hope to his poor, struggling city.

The doctors rushed Double T into an examination room, shooting out an intern and the little girl he was treating, who had apparently swallowed rat poison. The team doctor arrived then, called from a dinner party. He examined the wrist and presided over the X rays. Then he slipped Double T's arm into a sling and told him to wait a few minutes in the emergency room until the X rays were ready.

"Hey, my man, I ain't goin' out there with all them sick turkeys jivin' me," Double T said, and so to give him some privacy, a resident took him out into the corridor and pointed to the far end. "Mr. Townsend," he said, "you see way down there on the left? That's the pediatric waiting room. Visiting hours are over, and anyway, this time of year, around Christmas, there's never many admissions to pediatrics. So you'll probably have the room to yourself."

"I'll come down and pick you up as soon as we get the X rays," D'Angelo said. Double T nodded and walked off down the hall. The pain was more acute now and it made him all the more aware of his surroundings. Two years before, after his rookie season, he had come to the same hospital for a simple heel operation and he had been in other hospitals at other times for minor ailments. Nobody enjoys hospitals, but athletes feel threatened by them in ways that the rest of us do not. To athletes, hospitals are not places where people are mended and healed, but places where careers are concluded and talents diminished. Every time an athlete goes into a hospital, he understands that a little bit of his talent will be left behind forever, like an appendix in a bottle. Enough trips to hospitals and an athlete will not be special any longer; he will be just like you and me.

And so, uneasy in that way, Double T walked down the corridor and ducked into the pediatric ward's visitors' room. A television set on a shelf was tuned to the Rapid-Trail Blaz-

er game, and most of the musty old chairs and sofas had been shifted, ever so slightly, to afford a better view. Double T glanced about. At first he thought he was alone, but then in the back of the room he saw a pale little boy in a wheelchair. He wore a souvenir Rapid booster hat and an IV was attached to his arm. The first thing Double T noticed about him was the syrupy, clear liquid going drip, drip, drip down a tube into the boy's vein.

"Double T?" the little boy chirped when he recognized him. He could hardly believe his eyes.

"Hey," mumbled Double T, looking away. The boy was so skinny and white in his hospital gown it seemed as if you could almost see through him. He was probably just into his teens, but he appeared even younger. He coughed and gagged, and Double T turned away and watched the TV. Hospitals are bad enough, but sick people.

**D**id you get X-rayed?" the boy asked timidly.

"Yeah," Double T mumbled, still not looking back. But this was so brusque and rude. Double T felt obliged to turn around and smile and add a token to the conversation. "I didn't know we had cable TV for home games," he said idly. The announcer gave the score: Portland on top by eight. "How much time left?" Double T asked.

"A little over two minutes," the boy said. Double T muttered in disgust and the Rapids called time out.

"Hey, my man, they got a soda machine here?" Double T asked. The boy directed him to a concession alcove in a corner. Double T bought a root beer, came back and slumped down into an easy chair in the middle of the room. Slowly, the little boy began to inch his wheelchair forward. It was not an easy task, for he also had to drag the IV along.

On the screen, Bill Walton stuffed over Spider Brown: Trail Blazers by 10. And, in a flash, Lionel Hollins intercepted the inbound pass and made an easy layup. Twelve points and only a minute 38 left. "That do it," said Double T. "I'm gonna turn this sucker off."

The instant the set went off, Double T was sorry he had suggested it, for now that meant he had to deal with the kid personally. He sucked on his root beer and kind of shifted politely in the boy's direction. But then the boy coughed again and Double T arched back. "Hey, you ain't gonna gimme no cold, are you? You ain't gonna gimme no germs?"

"No, it's not contagious. I wouldn't do that to you . . . Doubts," he added, pleased that he had the chance to use the great player's nickname.

"You sick, huh?" Double T asked, and the kid nodded. "Well, don't worry, I ain't gonna be here long. The X rays will be here soon."

"Does it hurt . . . Doubts?"

"Do it?"

"Well, I hope it's not broke," the boy said. "You're my favorite player. A week ago, when I was real sick, I asked if I could meet you. I hoped maybe you could come and visit me here. Didn't they ask you, Doubts?"

"Hey, man, I don't know. You know, that PR sucker ask me somethin' ever' day. Hey, Doubts, go see this dude, talk to this dude. You understand? And ain't nobody wants to

continued

## PORT ZACK

continued

pay for nothin'. You know? That's why I want to get me to New York or Ellay, man, where you can make some bread. Hey, little dude, they asks you to do something there, you gets properly remunerated for it. You understand?"

"I'd just hate you to leave the Rapids, Doubs. We need you. We never had anything like you here in Fort Zack."

Double T turned to face the boy. "Hey, man, it's like my agent Eddie Razor say—an athlete only got so many years. He got to score with them, you know? Now you take to-night. If I had fallen a little bit different, I might be done. You know? Hey, we only got so many good years to play."

"I know," the boy said. "I never had any good years."

Embarrassed, Double T dropped his head. He started to reach out and lay a hand on the kid's shoulder, but he let it fall instead on the arm of his chair. "I'm sorry, little dude," he said. "Hey, I'm sorry you be sick. But you be up and around soon. You watch."

The kid smiled bravely. He didn't reply and Double T didn't know what else to say, so he got up and glanced down the hall to see if Bevo was coming. But there was no one in the hall and he had to come back into the room. "I hope I'm not bothering you, Doubs," the boy said. "I know everybody bothers you."

"Hey, man, you don't bother me. You be my friend."

"I am?"

"Sure, little dude. What be your name?"

"Dickie Parr."

"Well, little Dickie dude, how be it with you if I bring you an autographed basketball tomorrow night?"

"Oh, Doubs, that would be the best Christmas present."

"No Christmas present. Just a present from me to you. I ain't into Christmas. I ain't behind Christmas, you know?"

"What do you mean, Doubs?"

"Christmas," Double T said, sneering. "That jive white Santa Claus tellin' he be bringin' presents to all good little boys and girls. Hey, little Dickie dude, when I be growin' up, don't matter how good I be, I ain't gettin' nothin' Christmas morning. Maybe my mamma gimme a toy truck or some dollar-twenty-nine rubber ball. You know? Hey, when you be poor, Christmas is the baddest day."

"I'm sorry," Dickie said. "I never thought about that. I guess I've been lucky."

"You be home Christmas?"

"No," Dickie said, dropping his head.

"So hey," Double T cried, "that puts you on my team. See now, I won't be home for Christmas, either. We got to go to Cleveland Christmas Eve so's we can play the Cavaliers for television Christmas afternoon. Is that somethin'? Now you know, I ain't married, I ain't got no children, but all the dudes on our team—hey, man, they can't even spend Christmas with their families. So you see, don't tell me about no Christmas spirit. What's the league care for my Christmas spirit if it can sell a few more tickets? Right?" He turned away. "Hey, you wanna soda, little Dickie dude?"

The boy nodded happily, and Double T went over and got two root beers out of the machine. He handed one to Dickie, and for an instant the little boy and the big man looked square at each other and smiled. It got Dickie's courage up. "Hey, Doubs," he said, "we're having a Christmas

party here Christmas night. Could you come? I mean, after you get back from Cleveland?"

"Hey, man, I'd like to. I really would. But we gotta play Houston on the 27th, so we fly there from Cleveland."

"Oh,"

"But tell me. You got any black kids in here?"

"Sure. About half the ward."

"Now, I tell you what I'd like to do, man," Double T said, smiling and stepping back to give himself room. "I'd like to come to your party dressed up like old Santa Claus. Hey, little Dickie dude, wouldn't that be some jive? These kids look up 'spectin' to see some fat old white Santa, and here be this giant nigger Santa Claus, gon' ho-ho-ho, all you little niggers. That be somethin', huh?" And Double T slapped his thigh with his good hand and laughed again. "Ho-ho-ho. . . You think the doctors let me do that?"

"Sure they would, Doubs," Dickie said, and he was laughing so hard that it triggered more coughs.



his time, Double T didn't back away. He just waited till the boy was through, and then he moved even closer to him. "Well, I tell you what," he said. "Next Christmas, you and me both gonna come back here. And I be Santa for all the children in the hospital. And you be my helper. You know—what d'ya call them tiny dudes who helps Santa?"

"Elves?"

"Yeah, you be my elf, and we come back in here and we have ourself a Christmas. Ho-ho-ho."

Dickie waited till Double T was through ho-ho-ing, and then very softly he said, "But you won't be here next Christmas."

"Say what?"

"You know, you're leaving the Rapids."

"Oh yeah. I forgot. Next Christmas, I be in some big city that showcases me. So you and me has got to find some hospital in New York or Ellay, right? Hey, you can come stay at my new pad."

"I'd rather you stay in Fort Zack, Doubs," Dickie said. "Why do you have to leave here?"

Double T crumpled his empty root beer can. "You sound like the damn media," he snorted.

Dickie ducked his head. "I didn't mean it, Doubs."

"Hey, I know. But you gonna find out—you gotta look out for number one. Just you look at my stats. I'm due as much as the Doctor, as much as Kareem, as much as any sucker. Man, I don't want to stagnate here. You know?"

"It's just that we love you so here, Doubs," Dickie said. "You mean so much to Fort Zachary. I wish you counted that, too."

Double T came over, and this time he rested his hand on the little boy's shoulder. "Hey, I 'preciate what you're sayin'. There be some nice folks here. But mostly I just hear the man's jive. You understand? Just like Christmas. All jive. They say, be a good boy, Santa bring you presents. But he didn't bring me nothin'. And they say, be a good boy and stay on the team and we'll give you presents. Be a part of this community. Don't go jumpin' for the money,



Ever'body say that so Double T. But wasn't nobody sayin' that to Midwest Steel when it just up and took itself outta Fort Zachary. And old Uncle Sam himself. He just close up Wiley Air Force Base and send all them dudes and all that bread down to Arizona. And my man Sanford Parker—you don't think he'd move the Rapids in a minute if he thought he could make a dollar-ninety-five more? Shoot. And ever'body just keep yellin' at old Double T. You understand?" Dickie nodded.

The door opened and Bevo D'Angelo stuck his head in just long enough to tell Double T the X rays were ready.

"O.K., little Dickie dude, gotta go," Double T said. "I'll bring you that ball tomorrow night." He waved at the boy and Dickie waved back with his free arm, and Double T went out the door.

"You say something to me, Doubts?" Bevo asked.

"No, man. There was a little boy in there. Friend of mine. So how're the X rays?"

"Negative. No break. Probably just a slight sprain. Doc says we'll give you something for it, bandage it up, and you can even play Cleveland on national TV."

"Merry Christmas," said Double T.

There was only one light on in the visitors' room the next evening when Double T arrived with an autographed basketball. Dickie, in his Rapid hat, was in his wheelchair, the IV by his side, reading the Rapids' yearbook. He was surrounded by glossy pictures of Rapid players, by Rapid pins and socks and pennants and all manner of Rapid souvenirs. "Doubts!" he cried when the door opened.

Double T bounced the ball through his legs, twirled it on his index finger and rolled it down his arm, Globetrotter style, before presenting it to Dickie. The boy turned the ball around, looking for the autograph. There it was: "To my good friend, Dickie. Taylor Townsend—Double T."

"Oh, thank you, Doubts," Dickie said, and he took out his pen and wrote in the date—December 23. He was glad that Double T turned away then, to get a couple of sodas, because there were tears in his eyes and he didn't want Double T to see him crying. He put the ball down, and with the arm that wasn't attached to the IV, rubbed at his eyes with the sleeve of his hospital gown.

Double T came back over and gave him a soda. "How's your hand?" Dickie asked.

The big man held it up. It was taped but it didn't seem to bother him. "I be able to play in Cleveland," he said. "And how you today, little Dickie dude? You gonna get outta here soon, so's you can come out to the Coliseum and see me play 'fore I leave Fort Zachary?"

"I hope so, Doubts," he said, but he bowed his head and coughed again.

"You know," Double T said, "I be thinkin' 'bout you, little Dickie dude. I be thinkin', when I talks to you last night, I didn't inquire nothin' 'bout you. I just talks about my hand, myself."

"I didn't mind, Doubts."

"Well, it ain't right. You gets me in a hospital, all I can think is how some night, the next time I comes in here, is the time my knee goes, or my back, or somethin', and all of a sud-

continued



## FORT ZACK

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den it's gone, little Dickie dude, it's all gone. I guess all us players, we be too selfish, you know? Maybe when you thinks about your stats all the time, then soon ever'thin' in life is just stats. My man Sandy Parker say he gimme a million-two for three years and my agent Eddie Razor say, Dubs, you be a fool to take less than a million-five. But today, I be thinkin', after Uncle Sam gets his, what's the difference between 400 and 500 a year? And I be thinkin', that little Dickie dude is stuck up there in the hospital, and here I be anxious to go to Ellay 'cause it don't snow. I say to myself, 'Dubs, did your momma raise you to be a robin redbreast, flyin' south?' You understand?"

Dickie nodded but he waited to make sure that Double T was through. "I was thinking today, too, Dubs," he said at last. "I was thinking about how I just figured every kid had a great Christmas, but how, when you were a little boy, Santa never came to your house—"

"House! Shoot, little Dickie dude. Rooms. Rooms!"

"I guess I was selfish, too, I didn't think about anybody else's Christmases. It's easy for a little kid to like Christmas and to believe in Santa Claus when he brings you things."

"Well, he ain't never did bring you good health," Double T said.

"No. And he can't bring you points or the Rapids victories, either. But that's no reason to get mad at Santa or at Christmas, is it? What I kept thinking about, Dubs, is how you talked about dressing up like Santa for the kids in the hospital, and I thought how people like you really are our Santa Clauses."

"Me?"

"You, Dubs. You and all the great athletes. And I don't mean just on Christmas; I mean all the time. And I don't mean just for kids; I mean for a lot of grown-ups, too. We all need Santa."

"When we're little kids we believe in Santa, and we believe in him because he brings us something extra, something neat-o. Sometimes it isn't exactly what we wanted, but so much of the joy is expecting, isn't it? When I was a real little kid, Dubs, I always liked Christmas Eve best. I liked the expecting better than I did Christmas morning, even if Santa did bring me what I asked for. It's like that with you and the Rapids. I hate it when you lose, but the good part is just that

you play for us here in Fort Zack.

"The main thing about Santa is that he makes us care. So do you, Dubs. That's what you and all the players do."

Double T took a long swallow. "I never thought about it like that, little Dickie dude," he said. "It always just seemed to me to be a job, you know?"

"Well, that's O.K. It's a job for Santa, too. But just don't forget that you make a lot of people happy with your job. And maybe the people you make the happiest are the ones that the real Santa Claus can't bring presents to—the ones like you were when you were a kid. Because you can bring us a present that no one else can, Dubs. That's why we don't want to lose you from Fort Zack. Everybody loves Christmas, even if Christmas doesn't always come on December 25th."

"Hey, you be some kind of elf," Double T said.

**S**anford K. Parker, who had bought the Fort Zachary Rapids because he had played basketball in prep school and because his accountant told him it gave him a good short-term tax position, lived in Manhattan and Palm Springs. In Palm Springs, in fact, he was well known for his annual Christmas Eve party, for to make that guest list was the highest form of holiday compliment. Parker was standing by the pool, which was festooned with floating wreaths, listening to a mariachi band play carols, drinking an eggnog and talking to four bankers, three Vegas types, two PR men and a movie star in a Gucci, when he saw Double T striding across the lawn. Everyone turned to stare at the giant black man who towered over all the little white people.

"My man," Double T said to Parker, snatching an eggnog from a silver tray. The mariachis played *Deck the Halls*.

"Dubs, what in the world are you doing here?" Parker said. "I mean you're welcome, of course, but..."

"We got to talk, Sandy."

Parker got his back up a bit at that. "Eddie Razor said I was never to speak with you without him. That's your rules."

"Rules is changed, my man."

Parker shrugged, apologized to his guests and led Double T up the lawn and into his den. He sat down at his desk and gestured for the player to take the large chair. Double T glanced around.

Most of the photographs on the walls were of weddings and golf foursomes; from the photographs a visitor from outer space would believe that Americans dressed only in pastels and cutaways.

Parker sat down, leaned back and drew on his cigar. "I must say this is some surprise, Dubs. Aren't you supposed to be in Buffalo for the game tomorrow?"

"Cleveland."

"Oh yeah. I knew it was one of those cities."

"I can make it in time, if I have to."

"O.K. So what's on your mind?"

"I be ready to sign," Double T said.

Parker sprang forward in his chair in surprise. In delight, he toasted Dubs and rang for a waiter. "That's fantastic, Dubs. But understand, there is no way I can justify more than 400 a year. That town is not supporting us as it should."

"Four hundred be good enough."

"It will?" Parker said in amazement. A waiter came in with a tray of eggnog, and both men took another glass.

Double T tipped with his and pursed his lips in satisfaction. "Sandy, my man," he said, "yesterday I be talkin' to a friend of mine. He say to me, Dubs, you athletes, you stars, you know, you be like Santa Claus."

"Yeah, you fellows bring a lot of pleasure to a lot of people."

"But I thought some more, and I thought, yeah, but you owners, you be the real Santa Clauses. We be just the presents. You do the real givin'."

"That's a very apt analogy, Dubs. In a sense, sure, I'm the Santa for Fort Zachary, and you and Toby and Alex are the toys. One of the great satisfactions I've received as an owner is knowing what joy I'm bringing to a city." He leaned forward. "You'll take the three years?"

"Why not double that, my man?"

"Six years? At the same salary? My God, Dubs, that'll carry you through your best years. What else do you want?"

"Just the insurance, the deferred salary, them things we already agreed on."

"Terrific! And that's all you want?"

"That's all for Double T."

"Great!" Parker said, opening his drawer and pulling out a sheet of his personal stationery. "Let's sign a memo of agree—" Suddenly one huge black hand covered Parker's, almost covered the whole sheet of paper. Parker raised his eyes to look into the other man's.

continued

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# BULOVA

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## QUARTZ DIGITAL

## FORT ZACK

continued

"Yeah, all for Double T, but one thing for Fort Zack," Double T said.

"What do you mean, Doubs?"

"Sandy, my man, if I signs for six years, I wants you to sign that you'll keep the Rapids in Fort Zachary for six years."

Parker freed his hand and gulped down the rest of his eggnog. "Now hold on, Doubs, I can't tie my hands like that. Attendance is only up 4%."

"There be a lotta folks outta work."

"That's not my concern, or yours. Doubs. And the local TV—"

"Hey, I know you got home games on the cable now."

"The hell I do, Doubs. I was lucky to get six away games on UHF. And the Coliseum rent..."

Double T rose to his feet. He did not shoot up, but climbed slowly, menacingly to his full height, and stood there, hands on his waist. He said, "Hey, no more jive. Santa Claus. Now that be the deal."

Parker leaned back and glanced away. Outside he could hear the band playing *Frosty, the Snowman*, mariachi style. At last, he looked up at Double T, and he came to his feet and put out his hand. Double T took it and they shook. "I guess it's not easy being Santa Claus," Parker said. "Merry Christmas, Doubs."

"Merry Christmas, Fort Zachary," Double T said, and the mariachi band moved nimbly into *O Tannenbaum*.

On Christmas afternoon, in many of the rooms of the pediatric ward at St. Luke's, the rented TV sets were tuned in to the *Rapid-Cavalier* game. Fresh new snow blew against the windows and piled up on the sills as the parents gathered with their sick children, opening stockings and presents from home. The ward party would be held later, with Dr. Kinsolving, the pudgy pathologist, cast as Santa.

The receptionist on the floor, Mrs. O'Reilly, was watching the game herself at her desk when two men turned the corner by the visitors' room and came through the glass doors that led into the ward. They were both so laden with packages that they had not been able to brush the snow from their clothes, or even from their hair. "My Lord in heaven," Mrs. O'Reilly exclaimed, as they approached her. "it's Double T himself." All afternoon, on the television. Brent Musburger and Mendy Rudolph had been speculating

continued



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ing as to where Double T might be. "Mr. Townsend," she said, "they're looking for you in Cleveland."

"Then they're looking in the wrong place, Momma," Double T said. "Me and Sandy comes for the Christmas party."

"We have some presents for the children," Parker said, nodding his head at the packages he held in his arms.

"Oh, Mr. Parker, everyone will be so thrilled," Mrs. O'Reilly said, now recognizing the owner. "We'll start the party early."

Double T said, "No, wait a minute, Momma. First I wants to see a special friend of mine."

"Of course," she said. "Who is that?"

"His name is Dickie, but I forgets the last name."

"Dickie?" she said, puzzled. "I don't think—" She stopped herself and took out the patient register. "You know, at Christmas we never have that many children here. No, no. There's no Dickies, no Richards."

"Well, maybe that be a nickname, hie," Double T said. "You know, he be 12, 13 years old, a little white boy, pale boy, but smart little dude. Cough all the time. Real skinny, you know. Always rigged up to that bottle."

Mrs. O'Reilly cocked her head curiously. "Not Dickie Parr," she said.

"Yeah, Momma!" Double T cried. "That little dude."

Mrs. O'Reilly dropped her eyes, and when she raised them, she looked not at Double T, but toward Sanford Parker, turning to him for some kind of help. Double T caught her anxiety and took a step toward her. "Where that little dude?" he asked sharply.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Townsend," Mrs. O'Reilly said. "Dickie Parr died."

There was not a word from Double T. Instead, involuntarily, he relaxed his arms and the presents fell from them, clattering on the floor. One was not wrapped. It was just a brown box, and when it fell, the top sprang open and Mrs. O'Reilly could see a Santa Claus costume inside. The hat tumbled partway out and lay there. Double T did not appear to even notice that he had dropped the packages. He raised his huge hands to his face and held them there. "Oh, the little dude!" he cried. "Little Dickie dude!" He shook his head and backed away from the packages on the floor. Parker and Mrs.

O'Reilly watched him without a word. Double T said nothing to them. He only brushed at his tears, and then walked around the corner to the visitors' room.

He went in. There was no one there, but someone had left the television on to the game. Brent Musburger gave the score as Double T came into the room, but Double did not hear it. He did not even bother to glance up at the screen. Gently, he closed the door, and he stared at the place where Dickie's wheelchair had been. There was nothing there now. "Little Dickie dude," he said, but the words only formed on his lips; there was no sound, really.

And then, in the rear of the room, Double T spied something. It was to one side of an old maroon sofa and was partly covered by the folds of a frayed drape that fell to the floor. He went over, and he picked up the autographed ball, and he held it softly in his hands in a way he had never handled a basketball before. The fresh leather gave off that familiar tart aroma of newness, and in the murky dark of the visitors' room, Dickie's basketball almost seemed to glow orange. Outside, it was snowing even harder.

Double T carried the ball to Mrs. O'Reilly. Sanford Parker was piling up the packages that Double T had dropped, and Mrs. O'Reilly tried to reassure the basketball player with a kind smile. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't know you knew Dickie Parr."



Double T nodded, new tears glistening in his eyes, and he handed her the ball. "He left this," he said. "Make sure his momma and daddy gets it." She took the ball and assured him that they would. "When did the little dude die?" Double T asked, letting his hand leave the ball. "This morning?"

"Oh no, Mr. Townsend," Mrs. O'Reilly said. "It's been some time now. Let's see..."

"What you say?" snapped Double T. She checked a ledger, flipping the pages quickly. "Let's see," she said. "Here, Dickie died a week ago Friday. The 16th. I remember, it was early in the morn—"

"The when?" Double T barked at her.

"The 16th, Mr. Townsend. December 16. He hoped so much to make another Christmas, but..." She shrugged.

Without a word, Double T reached over and took the ball from her arms. He turned it over quickly. There was his autograph. He spun it a little further. It was there: "December 23," in Dickie's hand. And now he saw something else too, also in Dickie's handwriting. It said, "Merry Christmas, Fort Zachary."

Double T kept staring at the ball. Mrs. O'Reilly began to talk. She said, "You see, Mr. Townsend, I didn't realize that you knew Dickie. When they were sure he wasn't going to live, when they knew he wasn't going to make Christmas, they called the Rapids to see if you could come and see him, but someone said you were unavailable. So, I just didn't know..."

Double T nodded. Then he took the ball and he began to dribble it madly. He pushed open the door and dribbled through it, and around the corner and to the door to the visitors' room. He opened that door, too, all the while dribbling the ball with his right hand. There was not another sound. The TV set was off, Dickie sat in his wheelchair in the middle of the room. His face lit up when he saw Double T. The big man stopped his dribble and caught the ball. "Merry Christmas, little Dickie dude," he said, and he stepped toward him. But in that moment, Dickie was gone for good.

Double T came back to Mrs. O'Reilly's desk, smiling. He laid one of his huge hands on her shoulder. "Don't worry, Momma," he said, "little Dickie dude and me had our Christmas. Now we gonna have a Christmas party here." He picked up the box with the Santa outfit in it, and Sanford Parker picked up a similar package, and Mrs. O'Reilly directed them to an empty room where they could change. Then she had all the sick little children and their parents gather around the tree in the ward playroom, and you never heard such screams and hollers when Santa Claus appeared, black and 6' 6", in a suit several sizes too short, bellying ho-ho-ho and dispensing presents and kisses and hugs to one and all. He was assisted by a grown man dressed like an elf in a forest-green outfit, with shoes that curled up at the toes and a little triangular cap with a feather in it. Sanford Parker said he would be Santa next Christmas, and Double T the elf, and they agreed and had that put in the contract, too.



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bile in the relative vacuum of the test track and the laboratory, it is virtually impossible to simulate the perfection demanded by motor racing.

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## REMEMBRANCES OF PROGRAMS PAST

The three major television networks produced the equivalent of 50 full days of sporting events during 1977, some real, others imagined. More and more of them appeared in prime time, while rights fees climbed to heights bordering on the absurd. NBC paid \$85 million for the 1980 Moscow Olympics. The National Football League worked out a package with ABC, CBS and NBC, signing a \$576 million agreement for the next four seasons. That contract alone will put 232 more football games on the air, not to mention a zillion commercials. It also provides a windfall of \$5 million a team per season, far more than any club can take in at the gate.

Time was when network sports rarely showed up in prime hours, but now a week seldom goes by without an evening show involving some sort of thrashing around. Genuine events are fine, if genuine events are available. If not, the networks whip up and tape one of these celebrity stunt shows. Alas, they draw such strong ratings that they will proliferate even further. The participants are all starting to look like Gabe Kaplan. Most of the participants are Gabe Kaplan.

Television is a strange animal with a knack



BOBICK AND NORTON

for getting caught in its own traps. It is currently rekindling an old love affair with boxing, a romance that once nearly killed that sport. And once again, it is too much of a good thing. Guys are fighting aboard aircraft carriers, in prisons, knocking each other dizzy on weekend afternoons—even waiting

until 11:30 p.m. (EDT) to lace on their gloves. About the only two people who haven't fought on TV this year are Ferrante and Teicher. But in the spirit of the season, the rest of this column will be presented without commercial interruption. We take you now to the third annual Leggy Awards, a public-service presentation honoring those wonderful folk who brought you sporting 1977.

**SELLING IT LIKE IT ISN'T** Award—To ABC's advertising department for newspaper ads billing the Iowa-Iowa State football game "one of the toughest rivalries in the Midwest" though the teams had not met in 43 years.

**STEP BACK AND LET THEM FALL** Award—To CBS for its contract with Howard Davis Jr., providing the Olympic lightweight champ with \$200,000 a fight and the right to pick and pay his opponents out of thatsum.

**BEST ANNOUNCER**—Jack Whitaker, of CBS.

**BEST CONTINUING SERIES**—College football on ABC.

**WORST PART OF BEST CONTINUING SERIES**—The inane halftime coach interviews, when ABC announcers stop coaches from running to or from their dressing rooms, thus causing dedicated fans to run to or from their refrigerators.

**WHAT WAS THAT GAME AGAIN?**—The Nations' Cup, the First World Championship of Motorcycle Jumping, the Burger King Open, Challenge of the Network Stars, Pizza Hut Classic, World Ski Flying Championship, Slam-Dunk Championship and World Championship Motorcycles on Ice.

**LITTLE HORSE ON THE PRAIRIE** Award—To ABC for its split-screen coverage comparing Seattle Slew with Secretariat during the Kentucky Derby telecast by using a slow 3-year-old race run by Slew and a fast 2-year-old race won by Secretariat—and never telling the audience that the Secretariat race had resulted in his disqualification.



STRONG MAN AND TIRE

**DUMPING IRON** Award—To Trans World International and CBS for the holiest piece of trashsport so far, *The World's Strongest Men*, which included tire-throwing, refrigerator-carrying and girl-lifting events.

**MISSION IMPOSSIBLE**—Buzz Runga of NFL films, who must produce a 24-minute highlights show about the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, who scored nine touchdowns in 52 quarters of play.

**PERFECT MARRIAGE OF FILM AND MUSIC** Award—To CBS and NFL Today for showing film clips of Walter Payton's outstanding run while Carly Simon sang *Nobody Does It Better*.

**LET ME MAKE ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR** Award—To Lindsey Nelson of CBS for the best question yet about football played on artificial surfaces in bad weather. "What happens if you run a deep pattern and collide with the sweeper?"

continued

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**MAY WE PLAY THROUGH** Award—To CBS, for cutting away from the decisive NBA championship game without interviewing the Portland Trail Blazers, so that the world could hear sponsor James S. Kemper Jr. extol the virtues of his Kemper Open.

**ONE MORE TIME AND I'LL SCREAM** Award—To the theme music from *Rocky* and *Star Wars*; Bruce Jenner; the fighting Spinks brothers; "almost knocked, almost caught, almost intercepted"; the Goodyear blimp; Don King's tuxedos; Don King's trick hair; Don



SCHEMEL AND JENNER

King; "the Jugs Radar Speed Gun timed that pitch at 90.2 miles per hour"; Jimmy the Greek; NCAA promos for the NCAA; "a nose for the ball"; Heywood Hale Brown's madras jacket; Heywood Hale Brown's other jackets; the "gusto" commercials; "there's time-out down on the field"; and Howard Cosell's didactic and dilatory dissertations on the old Brooklyn Dodgers.

**LEGGETT'S TOP TEN** (ranked by personal preference)—Final game of National League baseball playoffs (NBC) for knowledge of performers, use of stats, sharp replays and excellent camera work showing that the game should have been postponed because of rain; the Muhammad Ali-Alfredo Evangelista fight (ABC) because Howard Cosell broke accepted announcing rules by calling the bout a farce before, during and after the telecast that his network paid a reported \$3 million to carry; the NCAA basketball championship (NBC)

for capturing the drama of Marquette Coach Al McGuire's final game; Mixed Team Golf (CBS) for bringing us the joys, frustrations and talents of male-female players without hype; CBS Reports *The Baseball Business* for a documentary focusing on Yankee owner George Steinbrenner's attempt to win the world championship; MacNeil/Lehrer Report (PBS) for carefully examining the U.S. soccer boom; Michigan-Ohio State football game (ABC), with full marks to producer Chuck Howard and announcer Keith Jackson for showing restraint when Woody Hayes smacked cameraman Mike Freedman on the sidelines; *To the Top of the World: Assault on Mount Everest* (CBS); *Something for Joey* (CBS), a made-for-TV film that brought out the compassion of former Penn State star John Cappelletti; Monday Night Football (ABC) for the Miami-Baltimore game during which announcers were nicely subdued, the camera work was splendid and no dancing bears appeared in the broadcast booth at half-time.

**HANG IN THERE** Award—To Bud Greenspan of Capry Productions, whose *The Glory of Their Times* was well received on PBS. The commercial networks had rejected the show for seven years.

**THE ODD COUPLING**—Ed Ames and Frankie Lane vs. Joe Campanella and Rose Marie on *Celebrity Bowling*.

**FOR WHOM THE BELLE TOLLS**—Though other networks were asking after her at contract time, Phyllis George (*NFL Today*) decided to stay with CBS, which sweetened the



GORGEOUS GEORGE

pot with the promise that soon she will be able to expand from sports into other roles, probably dramatic, a la Don Meredith and O.J. Simpson.

**DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE** Award—To Roone Arledge, promoted to head up both

sports and news at ABC, which means that we can hear plugs for the news on sports as well as plugs for sports on the news.

**HI, MOM** Award—To Reggie Jackson, for happily miming the words into the camera after each of his three homers in the final game of the World Series.

**LO, MOM**—To every mother everywhere for suffering those endless sideline shots showing Gloria Connors watching son Jimmy play.

**THANKS FOR THE USE OF THE HALL** Award—To the Houston Astrodome for lending itself to the movie *Murder at the World Series* (ABC), in which a pitcher's wife is kidnapped; to Sun Valley for lending its slopes



VW BUG AND KILLER BEES

to *The Deadly Triangle* (NBC), in which an aspiring Olympian is murdered while training for the bathlon, the Los Angeles Forum for *The Deadliest Season* (CBS), in which one hockey player injures another with his stick, and the Superdome in New Orleans for functioning as the final resting place of *The Savage Bees* (NBC) after they had hung just about the whole world to death.

**EQUAL RIGHTS**—When do they televise the 14-year-old male gymnast?

**BRENT, WHY ARE YOU CRYING?**—A special award to Billy Cunningham, now the coach of the Philadelphia 76ers, who was the NBA analyst for CBS when he carried on the following conversation with announcer Brent Musburger:

Brent: Billy, how hard is it to play with two great offensive forwards like George McGinnis and Julius Erving?

Billy: The big problem is that both of them need the ball to score. When Doug Collins is in the game it's better because he doesn't need the ball to score.

END

# A new sports weekly is born



SportsMonday—a new sports weekly appearing as a full-size separate section of the Monday New York Times—kicks off January 9.

It's the first sports publication to combine in-depth analysis of a magazine with the overnight reporting of a newspaper.

SportsMonday will report the hard-news weekend action with all the color and detail readers expect from The Times. But in crisply-written, magazine-style articles, it will also cover the fascinating intricacies of the

sports scene—background, motivations, strategies—with the same authority The Times brings to its coverage of other national and world events.

There will be how-to, when-to, where-to reports on participatory sports, such as golf, tennis, fishing. Plus interviews. New columns. Pulitzer Prize-winner Red Smith. A statistics page for hard-core fans. Reader questions and expert answers. And much more. All presented with striking graphics and complementary photos.

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One million male readers in the rich New York market—and a half million elsewhere. Total adult readership 2,654,000. 44 percent have household incomes of \$25,000-plus. 51 percent are college graduates. 57 percent are professionals/managers.

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SportsMonday. A new sports weekly is born.

# SportsMonday

Starting January 9...every Monday in  
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A man with a mustache is sitting in a red leather chair, holding a cigarette in his right hand. He is wearing a green and white striped sweater over a plaid shirt. The background is dark and out of focus.

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The extra on the outside is a swing-open panel showing 8 super drinks they can serve. Soft Whiskey for the holidays: just a little extra thoughtfulness from you!



## A walk-on who has stepped up

*Roger Phegley went to Bradley to play baseball, but he has been a hit at hoops*

There are two ways of assessing Roger Phegley's unusual athletic career at Bradley University. As a pitcher on the baseball team he has been a disappointment, barely worth the effort it took to sign him to a scholarship in the spring of 1974. But as a basketball player he has been a surprise of a different sort. One might even call him the best and most versatile basketball player that Bradley ever recruited.

Phegley was the Player of the Year in the Missouri Valley Conference last season, averaging 27.4 points a game, breaking Chet Walker's school single-season scoring record and making 87.4% of his free throws for another school record. This year the 6'7" senior guard (at least he is a guard when he is not playing forward or center) is shooting better than ever. Last Saturday night at home against Illinois Wesleyan, Phegley helped the Braves even their record at 2-2 by scoring 26 points in an 80-64 victory. If you do not regard that as a stern enough test, then consider this: he pumped in 29 during an earlier 91-90 loss at Las Vegas, and Reggie Tinsu, the Rebels' All-America candidate, fouled out trying to stop him.

Performances such as these have helped Bradley fans overlook Phegley's pitching career. Although he three-hit New Mexico State in the semifinals of the MVC tournament last spring, injuries and inconsistency have limited his three-year record to four wins, five losses and a 4.89 ERA.

Baseball Coach Chuck Buescher was

hoping for a lot more when he signed Phegley. The most valuable player in the Illinois high school tournament, while pitching for nearby East Peoria High, Phegley enrolled at Bradley only after turning down a modest contract offered by the Cincinnati Reds. Nobody cared much that Phegley was also all-conference in basketball. He did attract the attention of small schools like Illinois' John Brown University and Monmouth College and Missouri's Culver Stockton, but his home state's perennial Division II power, Augustana, did not want Phegley even as a walk-on. Bradley Coach Joe Stowell considered him no better than a "fringe player," a good shooter who was too small for forward, too slow for guard and too passive in his style of play.

Since the days when Stowell and every other major-college coach ignored or rejected him, Phegley has grown two inches, gained 25 pounds, quickened his pace and gritted his teeth. Although he began his freshman season as a walk-on, he was a starter by the fourth game, when he scored 20 points and had 15 rebounds against Loyola of Chicago. "Before then, I was just a good player," he says. "Now I try to dominate, to take charge."

Phegley is a silent-running destroyer, methodically popping jumpers and slithering into the middle for layups. His favorite tactic is to take a smaller player down low and shoot over him. And his scoring average is not the result of the number of shots he takes (15 a game on the average) but his accuracy (59%) and the frequency with which he is fouled (14 free throws a game).

Although Stowell calls Phegley "the best big guard in the country," the coach is just as likely to use him at forward, where Phegley spent most of his freshman and sophomore seasons, or at center, where he sets up when a quicker lineup is needed. Wherever he happens to be, the Braves' playbook is filled with passes, picks and screens to get him the ball. "Playing three positions is not difficult at all," says Phegley. "I'm amazed at the number of guys who only know how to play their own position. This way I'm aware of where every man on the team is going to be on every one of our patterns."

Although Bradley did not give him a



*Phegley's a guard forward and center*

basketball scholarship until after he was a starter, Phegley feels a deep sense of gratitude to Stowell, who unlike a lot of major-college coaches was willing to let a walk-on try out. When Stowell was on the verge of losing his job during last year's 9-18 season, Phegley led the team in appealing for support from the local press and the university president. "The man gave me the opportunity to show what I could do," says Phegley. "He was fair to me. I only needed a chance, and he was willing to provide it."

Phegley's biggest show of gratitude would be leading the Braves to 15 or 16 victories this winter, because Stowell, who is in his 13th season at Bradley, probably needs that many to retain his job next year. By then, Phegley will be trying to make it as a professional—in basketball, of course. As for baseball, he admits, "I'm disappointed I couldn't have done better because that's what I originally came to school for. But the way it's turned out, it's been kind of a Cinderella story. It sort of proves you can be whatever you want to be, if you only get the chance to do it."

*continued*

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*ROYALE, in a tube  
by Gold Label*

COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

### THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**MIDEAST** These was 1:45 to go and Marquette led Florida by four points when Coach Hank Raymonds called a time-out and ordered his Warriors into their delay pattern. Some delay Marquette scored on a shot it couldn't pass up, and during the next 66 seconds Florida repeatedly threw up desperation heaves and gave the Warriors further running opportunities too tempting to resist. As a result, Marquette put on a textbook display of how to fast-break and popped in 10 straight points. High man in Marquette's 81-67 victory was Butch Lee with 26 points. Minnesota, which had beaten Marquette the past two years, lost this time 61-44 as Jerome Whitehead had 18 points.

After falling behind by 13 early in the game, Louisville spurred to an 88-85 win at Michigan. Rick Wilson of the Cardinals finished off a 26-point performance with a flourish, getting a layup off a steal with 26 seconds left and swishing two foul shots with six ticks remaining. Joel Thompson had 29 points and Dave Baxter 28 for the Wolverines. Mike McGee and Baxter scored 18 apiece as Michigan subdued Dayton 71-61.

Earvin Johnson's 20 rebounds, 19 points and nine assists carried Michigan State past Wichita State 84-57. The Spartans then defeated Western Michigan 79-57. Detroit held off St. Louis 69-61 and breezed past Northern Michigan 111-66.

Although a 14-point loser, Indiana put on a scrappy performance at Kentucky, but the outmanned Hoosiers could not contain Jack Givens and Rick Robey, who poured in a total of 42 points as the Wildcats won 78-64.

In a 94-66 drubbing of Tennessee Tech, Anthony Murray and Greg McElven each had 18 points for Alabama. Murray also made seven steals and held Jimmy Howell of the Golden Eagles to two points, 13 below his average. Then the Tide put on a dramatic comeback to overhaul Missouri 75-71. Trailing 69-59 with 3:22 left, Alabama scored 13 points in a row to pull ahead. Reginald King had 22 points for the Tide.

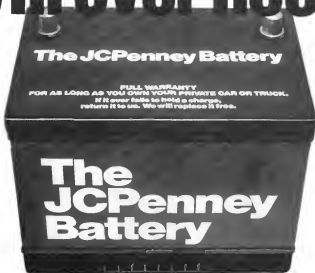
Notre Dame overpowered Lafayette 74-42 and Northwestern 88-48.

1. KENTUCKY (3-0)

2. NOTRE DAME (6-0) 3. MARQUETTE (4-0)

**EAST** A day before semester exams began at North Carolina, the Tar Heels flustered a test at William & Mary 78-75. Carolina took 32 more shots than the Indians and got 24 points from Phil Ford, but could not overcome .432 shooting. The Indians had 21 points by John Lowenheupt and

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an inspirational lift from John Kratzer, a two-year regular who cannot play because he is undergoing treatment for cancer. After being introduced as William & Mary's sixth starter, Kratzer sat on the bench in street clothes and cheered on his teammates.

Maryland, which earlier had set a school scoring record by routing East Carolina 130-106, was beaten 101-90 at George Washington. The Colonials hounded the Terps into 15 turnovers, and GW's front line outscored the visitors' forecourt 40-45. Mike Zagardo pumped in 23 points and grabbed 10 rebounds for the winners (4-1), who earlier had rallied from a 60-44 deficit to trim Wisconsin 77-74.

Rutgers did a lot of standing around, first against Columbia, which tried a first-half stall in its 62-48 loss to the Scarlet Knights, and then against St. Johns, when a bent rim caused a 19-minute delay. Clearly Rutgers, which used to run and gun, has learned patience, which it showed to good effect in picking apart the previously unbeaten Redmen 72-61. The Knights' starting guards took only three floor shots (all of them missed), while their front line of Abdel Anderson, James Bailey and Hollis Copeland was 29 for 42 and had 67 points. Earlier in the week, Rutgers was a 61-54 loser to Villanova.

Syracuse bombed Colgate 99-90 and St. Bonaventure 107-81. Princeton's Frank Sowinski tossed in 26 points during a 72-50 win over Fordham.

Holy Cross and Providence barely remained undefeated. Duquesne led the Crusaders 45-39 at halftime, before losing 80-76 as Holy Cross' Ronnie Perry, who went the first 8:19 without trying a shot, scored 30 points. Yale also gave the Crusaders fits, finally going down 67-62. In between those tight games, Holy Cross topped Iowa 105-83 as Perry had 29 points and 6' 8" Chris Potter added 22 and fed off for 16 assists. Providence defeated Wisconsin 73-62, but had a tougher time with Assumption. It was not until Guard Dave Frye came through with a three-point play with 5:55 left that the Friars pulled ahead en route to a 79-70 victory.

1.HOLY CROSS(5-0)

2.SYRACUSE(6-1) 3.NORTH CAROLINA(5-1)

**WEST** "I love Los Angeles," shouted Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps, as well he might after a 69-66 win at UCLA. With Forward Dave Burton netting 18 of his 22 points as the first half, the Irish led 39-29 at the intermission. But when David Greenwood stole the ball and Raymond Townsend took it in for a layup with seven minutes left, UCLA went ahead 58-57. Then the Irish went into their four-corner offense and scored eight points in a row. Back came the Bruins again, closing to within 65-64 before Burton converted two foul shots with 22 seconds remaining.

Other Western teams were beaten by vis-

itors. Purdue squeezed past Arizona State 76-75 and Arizona 80-78. The best of Walter Jordan's 30 points came on a go-ahead call with two seconds to go and gave the Boilermakers their win over State. Again with two seconds to go, the Wildcats missed the first shot of a one-and-one as Purdue ended Arizona's 38-game home-court streak.

William & Mary bumped off Cal State-Fullerton 67-62 in the opening round of the Cougar Classic and beat Montana 61-60 for the title.

In the Utah Classic, Long Beach State defeated San Jose State 94-84 and won the championship game from Utah 80-79. The 49ers, who had trailed the Utes 59-43, pulled ahead 74-73 when Guard Donnie Martin stole the ball, scored and Forward Michael Wiley sank two free throws after Ute Coach Jerry Piron drew a technical foul for throwing a towel on the court. Martin finished with 18 points, 14 in the second half, and his back-court partner, Ricky Williams, had 20.

By scoring nine backdoor baskets and as many fast-break layups, Washington State sealed 85-58. Kim Stewart and Mike Neill teamed up for 39 points in that game and for 36 more as the Huskies defeated Wyoming 69-64. Seattle jolted Washington State 55-54, but State recovered to beat Humboldt State 64-53 and Eastern Montana 96-70. Oregon defeated Sacramento State 90-67. USC ended a two-game losing streak, winning 93-80 over New Mexico, which had averaged 116 points while taking its first four games. USC also beat Duke 87-81.

San Francisco had no trouble winning 99-78 at Stanford, but barely got past Cal State Bakersfield at home. Up-and-down James Hardy, the Dons' moody frontcourt man, was sky-high against the Gauchos, especially in overtime when he scored all eight of his team's points in a 63-57 triumph.

Nevada-Las Vegas beat Pepperdine 117-90, but struggled to defeat San Diego State 101-95 and Tulsa 104-103 in double overtime. Two free throws by Earl Evans with 24 seconds left gave the Rebels a 104-101 edge over the Golden Hurricane. Willard Giovannetti kept Las Vegas in the game with 19 points and 11 rebounds.

1.UCLA(4-1)

2.SAN FRANCISCO(4-1) 3.NEVADA-LV(6-0)

**MIDWEST** Before the tipoff of Kentucky's game at Kansas there was a period of silence in honor of Adolph Rupp, the former Wildcat coach and Jayhawk player who was critically ill and who died later that night at the age of 76. From there on, there was plenty of noise in this matchup of the two teams with the most all-time victories—Kentucky had 1,191 and Kansas 1,145. Wildcats Jack Givens and Rick Robey were averaging a combined 47.4 points, and Kansas was scoring 104 points

and making almost 15 steals a game. Those lofty averages all plunged. Givens and Robey had only 18 points, and the Jayhawks made just 10 steals while losing 73-66. The Wildcats got 15 points from Guard Kyle Macy and were far better at the foul line (19 of 23) than Kansas (10 of 20).

The Jayhawks picked up two earlier wins, beating Murray State 106-71 and Fairleigh Dickinson 88-54. Frustrated by Kansas' play and exasperated by a technical foul for "inciting the crowd," Jersey Devil Coach Al Lo-Balbo said, "Take away the 26 points Kansas got on steals, and it would have been a different game. Whose crowd? There wasn't a Fairleigh Dickinson roster in the whole place. All I did was fall over my chair."

Curtis Redding sank 18 of 36 field-goal tries and 13 of 16 foul shots as Kansas State defeated Oral Roberts 75-64 and Vanderbilt 69-55.

Indiana State, ranked in both wire-service polls for the first time, stomped Central Michigan 93-77 and Evansville 102-76. Larry Bird of the Sycamores made 37 of 57 floor shots and scored 80 points.

After trouncing apart Rockhurst 99-63, Arkansas won 64-53 at Oklahoma, despite being out-rebounded 34-32 and committing more turnovers (17) than the Sooners (14). Midway through the first half at Norman, Marvin Delph of the Razorbacks went out with an injured ankle and Sidney Moncrief with a dislocated finger. Delph did not return, but Moncrief did—and got 25 points.

If nothing else, Miami of Ohio Coach Darrell Hedrick proved a game is never over until the last protest is settled. With the score 60-41 and one second to go at Cincinnati, Bob

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**JOHN LOWENHAUPT:** With the 6' 5" senior hitting 19 of 30 shots and scoring a total of 61 points, William & Mary upset North Carolina 78-75 and won the Cougar Classic by beating Cal State-Fullerton and Montana.

Miller of the Bearcats sank the first of two foul shots. Miller deliberately slammed his first shot off the glass, Miami retrieved the ball and missed a full-court shot. Into the locker room went Cincinnati with an apparent 61-60 win. But Hedrick successfully argued that Miller's second shot should have been ruled a dead ball because it had not touched the rim and that his Redskins should have been given the ball out of bounds. Back came the Bearcats. Miller intercepted Miami's last shot, prompting Hedrick to yell, "Goalkeeping." He lost that protest.

No such confusion existed at Louisville, which zapped Robert Morris 104-48.

1.ARKANSAS(6-0)

2.LOUISVILLE(3-1) 3.INDIANA STATE(6-0)

# The 1977 Kodak All-America Football Team

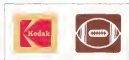


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NORTH



SOUTH



**CONTRACT:** 4H West has bid one spade and rebid two diamonds after East responded one no trump. West leads the spade ace, East playing the three, and continues with the six. Assume you, as South, choose dummy's king and the queen drops. For 10 points, how do you continue?

*If you have ever wondered what it is like to play in a world championship, you are about to find out. The 10 hands shown here were taken from the 1977 Bermuda Bowl, which was played in Manila and won by a U.S. team that included the author. Only a few changes have been made for the convenience of the reader. The hands are difficult, but this*

## A BOWL OF GOOD CHEER

has been taken into account in the awarding of points. Score from 170–130 and you should have been in the championships. From 125–100, maybe you will next year. From 95–80, perhaps in a few years. From 75–40, the next decade. Fewer than that, why not take up gin rummy? For answers see page 116.

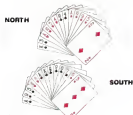
by Edwin B. Kantar



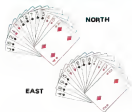
**2 CONTRACT:** 4S West, that's you this time, opens one diamond. North overcalls two clubs and partner doubles, a negative double showing seven or more high-card points with support for the unbid suits. You lead the king of diamonds, partner playing the three, declarer the six. For 30 points, how do you set the hand?



**3 CONTRACT:** 4S South opens one spade, you stick in a three-club overcall. North says three spades, partner four clubs. South four spades. You lead the heart two, dummy wins, partner playing the seven. The spade two is led from dummy, partner plays the ace and returns the heart six. Declarer plays the 10 as you ruff. Now what for 15 points?



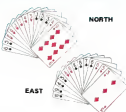
**4 CONTRACT:** 6C West leads the three of hearts. You play low from dummy and capture East's six with your eight. You then play three rounds of spades, ruffing with the 10 of clubs. When you play the ace-king of clubs, West discards the deuce of hearts on the second round. (Life is never easy.) For 15 points, what now?



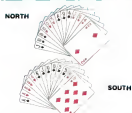
**5 CONTRACT:** 3NT West, your partner, leads the seven of spades. Dummy plays low. How do you defend, for 15 points?



**6 CONTRACT:** 3NT After you, as South, open two no trump, you and your partner bid as high as you can go. West leads the 10 of diamonds. For 15 points, what is the line of play that will give you the best chance to land your 13th trick?



**7 CONTRACT:** 6S Partner leads the queen of diamonds. Declarer wins with the king and plays four rounds of spades, discarding a heart and club from dummy. Partner plays two spades and discards the eight and two of diamonds. At trick six, declarer leads the heart six, partner plays the deuce, dummy the king. For 20 points, plan your defense.



**8 CONTRACT:** 3C West, having overcalled one spade, leads the king. East produces the two. Plan your play for 20 points.



**9 CONTRACT:** 3NT West opens the 10 of clubs. You win the opening lead in dummy, East playing the five. How do you continue for 25 points?



**10 CONTRACT:** 3NT West leads the two of diamonds. East wins with the ace and returns the seven to your king. At trick three you lay down the ace of clubs. West plays the three and East the jack. For 25 points, how do you continue?

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## The toast of Tompkinsville

*Old Brandy, the stray mare found out on Kentucky Rt. 53, charmed a steamfitter's family, which never suspected she was Fanfreluche, the \$500,000 champion*

When she was abducted from posh Claiborne Farm in Paris, Ky. last June 25 (SI, Aug. 1), the thoroughbred Fanfreluche became the most famous missing female since Patty Hearst. A \$25,000 reward was offered for information on the whereabouts of the \$500,000 mare in foal to Secretariat. That inspired a deluge of leads, tips and rumors that caused the FBI and the Kentucky state police to make inquiries in almost every state and several foreign countries. Everything was pursued, even a tip from a California psychic who claimed to have seen Fanfreluche in a vision "standing in a blue barn with a pile of horse manure out front."

While much of this was going on, Fanfreluche was living quietly and happily on a little farm near Tompkinsville, Ky., about 150 miles south of Claiborne. There she was known as "Brandy," and the farm's owner, Larry McPherson, treated her no differently from his pony, his quarter horse and his poloмино, whose combined value was less than \$600. McPherson, an apprentice steam-pipe fitter with the Tennessee Valley Authority, apparently found the mare one morning last summer standing in the road that runs past his house trailer. Never dreaming of her true identity—"You're always finding horses and cows in the road in our part of the country," says McPherson—he did the neighborly thing, which was to take her and keep her until the owner showed up to claim her. While he waited, McPherson let his friends and family ride Brandy around the "horse lot" on his three-acre farm. And he took such a liking to the mare that he turned down an offer of \$200 for her.

"I just didn't feel right selling something that didn't belong to me," McPherson says, "so I just kept her and waited for the day when somebody would come claim her."

Somebody finally did—at 2:15 p.m. on Thursday, Dec. 8. That's when an FBI agent and the state police, acting on a tip, converged on McPherson's farm. When he heard their story, McPherson

says, "It liked to have knocked the feet out from under me." Fanfreluche was standing in a field, and the FBI man recognized her even at a distance. "I think some of our agents would know her in their sleep," FBI Special Agent Robert Pence says.

Sure enough, a check of the mare's lip tattoo showed that she was No. W 12997—Fanfreluche. Seth Hancock, president of Claiborne Farm, who had given up hope of finding the mare alive, was notified. He immediately set off in a van with farm manager John Sosby for McPherson's farm, so far from Claiborne in so many ways.

"We didn't find the farm," says Hancock, "but the state police found us and led the way. We pulled up in the front yard and the people came out and said, 'Old Brandy's down in the barn.' We went to this little old barn using a flashlight to find our way. Soon as we opened the door and shined the light on her, I could see the black spots on her coronet bands and the spot on her forehead that made me pretty sure it was her, but then John

rolled up her lip and read her tattoo and I was sure. It was a great feeling."

Back at Claiborne, Fanfreluche was examined by veterinarian Walter Kaufmann. She has a shaggy winter coat and some scars on her legs, but otherwise seems none the worse for her months as a pleasure horse. Most important, Dr. Kaufmann said the foal in her was alive. She is due to deliver on Friday, Feb. 10, either at Claiborne or on the Canadian farm of her owner, Jean-Louis Levesque.

As an original member of the syndicate that bought Secretariat for a then-world-record \$6.08 million in 1973, Levesque has the right to breed one mare to Secretariat every year. This season he sent Fanfreluche, a North American filly champion, to the chestnut stallion, and at the time of her abduction plans were being made to have her shipped back to Canada.

The theft took place while Hancock was in Lexington playing golf at the Idle Hour Country Club. The thieves simply drove a trailer into his front yard and took Fanfreluche from an adjacent paddock.

*A portrait of dejection now the gentle bay is gone—Larry McPherson, his sons, Little C and Buck*



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### HORSES continued

dock. At the time it seemed to be a smooth, professional job. Not only did the thieves know when Hancock would be gone, they also knew exactly how to get into the paddock and how to pick out the mare from the others in the 28 3-acre field.

The nagging question was why would anybody want to steal a mare in foal to the most famous stallion in the world? Surely, if the thieves tried to sell the mare or the foal, authorities would be after them instantly. The only halfway plausible theory was that the thieves planned to take Fanfreliche's Secretariat foal and use it as a "ringer." That is, substitute it for a slower, less elegantly bred horse at some out-of-the-way track in the hope of pulling off a gambling coup.

"I'm going to be watching," said Hancock, grimly, "and if in a couple of years I see a champion running that's by something out of nothing, I'm going to be there to check him out."

Now that Fanfreliche is safe, the question remains: Who stole her and how did she get to Tompkinsville? A few months ago the FBI and state police issued a warrant in the Fanfreliche case for William Michael McCandless, 30, an itinerant horseman and gambler. McCandless turned himself in but claimed he was innocent of the charge (a felony, "theft by unlawful taking"). He was freed on \$50,000 bond and is scheduled to be tried in Bourbon County Circuit Court early next year.

Information about McCandless is sketchy. He was born William Michael Rhodes (his mother subsequently married a man named McCandless) in Paducah, Ky., and has worked at various tracks around the Midwest as an exercise boy and trainer. "Mike's a good exercise boy, one of the best," says Marion Thomasson, an Owensboro trainer who says he is one of McCandless' best friends. "He's never had a steady job that I know of. He's liable to be in Omaha one week and Louisville the next."

Thomasson says that three days after the Fanfreliche theft, McCandless called him trying to enlist his aid in getting a health certificate. A health certificate is required to transport a horse across county or state lines. It must be issued by a vet. "But I wouldn't go along with him," says Thomasson. "He was talking rattle-brained. He was desperate for the certificate."

One thing puzzles Thomasson about

continued

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the case against McCandless. "Mike did not know breeding that well," he says. "As of a year ago he'd never been to any of those farms around Lexington. If he's involved, he had to have help from somebody who worked there or was from there."

McPherson says he doesn't know McCandless and didn't have anything to do with the theft. Although he admits to having known about Fanfreluche, he said he never put two and two together, never thought that his Brandy might be the stolen mare. Neither, apparently, did a Monroe County deputy sheriff or a Kentucky state trooper, both of whom were told by McPherson that he had picked up a stray mare.

"It just didn't dawn on me that she could be in this part of the state," says McPherson. "I knew that a valuable thoroughbred was missing, but I thought whoever did it had probably taken her out of the country."

McPherson drove a truck until earlier this year, when he became a steamship fitter. He lives in the trailer with his wife and two sons. Much of his spare time is devoted to riding pleasure horses—the pony, Little C; the quarter horse, Buck; and the palomino, Morning Star.

As McPherson tells it, one morning in late June or early July a neighbor called to say that one of McPherson's horses was loose on Ky. 53. McPherson got out of bed to fetch the animal. But instead of one of his horses, he found a gentle bay mare.

"She was real gentle," McPherson says. "Why, she would let ladies ride her who had never ridden before. The only trouble was, she was hard to catch. Took two to do it, and she never seemed to like the name I gave her. She'd never answer or pay me any mind when I'd call her Brandy."

McPherson doesn't want anybody to get the wrong idea about how he treated the mare. Although he doesn't have the wealth or facilities of Claiborne Farm, he treated Brandy like part of his family. "I fed her, loved her, petted her and rode her around," McPherson says. "My wife and kids rode her, too."

McPherson appreciates the gesture that Seth Hancock made before he took Fanfreluche back to Claiborne. "He told me I could come visit her anytime I wanted, and I'm going to take him up on it," he says. "I got kind of attached to Brandy. I hated to see her go." **END**



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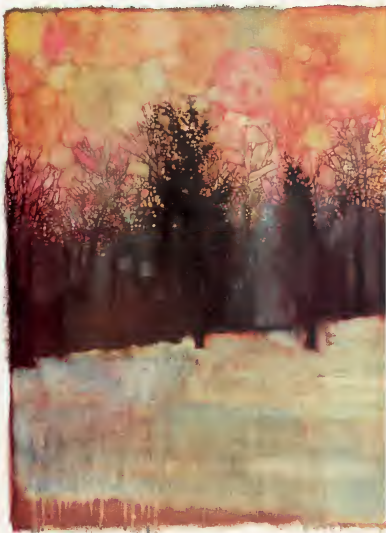

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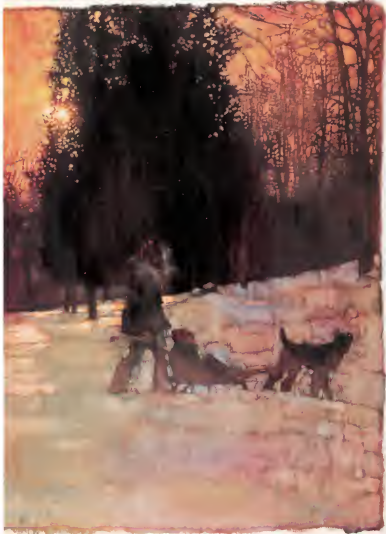
# JOY IN HARD



# TIMES

An outdoorsman's vivid recall of an early Christmas in the depth of the Depression evokes the essence of family life: the parents capable and loving, the child secure

**BIL GILBERT**



CONTINUED

## HARD TIMES

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ithout appeal to authority I can fix the date by deduction. It was after things began to happen to me that I can remember, but before I started school. Therefore I was four years old and it was the winter, the Christmas, of 1931. Dates and other numbers aside, I recall the details very well, so well that recall is not exactly the right word. It's inadequate.

There are incidents in one's life—some large in terms of consequence, others in retrospect apparently trivial—that can be virtually re-created when the proper interior buttons are touched. These—these what, these phenomena of the past?—seem to retain sensual weight and quality. Colors, shapes, voices, faces, smells, tastes return as they once were, in arrangements and sequences they once had. The Christmas of 1931 is one of half a dozen such moments that exist for me in this peculiar area between simple memory

and near spookery. My mother, father and I were living in a barely winterized summer cottage on the shore of a marshy Michigan lake about 10 miles south of Kalamazoo. I have only dim, disconnected memories of why we were there and what we were doing, but having often been told about it by those who are older, I have now a fairly accurate understanding of the events leading up to that winter and that Christmas.

For virtually everyone who remembers the early 1930s, the overwhelming event of those years, the one that still marks the entire decade, was the great Depression. My family, like most others, was caught in the awful economic storms, and though our lives were not so disastrously blighted in those of many, they were changed and disarranged. In the decade before I existed, my father had graduated from college as a botanist and landscape architect, an uncommon profession and one which I understand was then regarded by many, including his own father, as being essentially a frivolous one. However, in the flush times of the 1920s landscape architecture turned out to be a surprisingly good calling. Around Detroit there were a lot of tycoons and sub-tycoons and pseudo-tycoons who had done very well recently with the automobile and were anxious to display their good fortune publicly and ostentatiously. One conventional way of doing this was to create large estates vaguely modeled on ancient British country homes. Along with slate roofs, marble statuary and mahogany paneling, they wanted gentry-type grounds and gardens. But they did not want to wait a century or so for nature to do the job. Instead, they hired landscape architects to create for their new

homes at least the illusion of old and deep roots.

Many years later, when times were somewhat better, my father and I drove from Kalamazoo to Detroit to take in a Tiger-Yankee doubleheader. On our way to Detroit we made a detour through what had been the heart of the exurban estate country. We stopped at one overgrown property on

PAININGS BY BERNARD FUCHS





which the only completed structure was an imposing gatehouse. Near it, crowded by scrub sassafras and sumac, was a magnificent copper beech. My father looked it over and told me how it came to be there, though he may have been talking as much to himself as to me. Indicating the property with a nod, he said, "The owner had a kind of majordomo who was in charge here. The spring and summer we worked here, the owner was living in some kind of palace in Italy. The majordomo looked over our plans and said they were fine, but he said when the owner came back in the fall he would want to see mature plantings, not young stuff that had to grow. I found this beech—must have been 30 feet tall then—in an old nursery on the other side of Detroit. We dug it up with excavating equipment, balled it and put it on a big flatbed. The majordomo pulled strings and got some power lines temporarily raised. We brought it from the nursery to the estate around two in the morning, with a police escort. The bill for that one tree was almost \$3,000. We never did get paid."

That tycoon and a lot of others like him did not pay, probably did not even come back to their unfinished estates that fall, which must have been 1929. One of the first orders they gave to their majordomos was to stop buying boxwood mazes, yew hedges and \$3,000 copper beeches. Few professions could have been as vulnerable to the Depression as landscape architecture. Almost instantly my father's training and talent had no market value, and he had little choice but to retreat from the city, from the estate country. At least he, and by then we, had a place to retreat to in the southwestern Michigan countryside from which he had come a decade earlier. Caught up in the euphoric, cost-be-damned spirit of the '20s, my grandfather had purchased most of the eastern shore of a mile-long, weedy lake. His plan had been to create what is now called a recreational community—put in some facilities for warm-weather fun and games that would entice people to buy lots along the lake and build summer homes. After 1929 most people were not much interested in a second home because they were often hard-pressed to keep their first one. Beyond a lot of subdivision stakes hidden in the uncleared thickets, all that had come of this grand scheme were half a dozen cottages—three of which were occupied by members of our family—and behind them a pretty nine-hole golf course that my father had designed during the plush times more or less as an experimental exercise. Later, when he was again able to practice his profession, building golf courses became one of his specialties.

It was to this place, itself a monument to the dislocation of the Depression, that various members of our extended family came in 1930 to weather the hard times. My father acted as greenkeeper for the golf course and, on the rare oc-

*continued*



## HARD TIMES

continued

casions when there was any demand, as a self-ordained golf professional. My mother and assorted aunts collected fees and sold concessions in what was pretentiously called the clubhouse. (It was in fact a one-room cabin which, if the resort scheme had materialized, would have been the caddie shack.) The clubhouse crew was seldom overwhelmed by business. Greens fees were 50¢ for nine holes, 75¢ for all-day play, but even so business was slow. I remember how slow because as I grew older I would hang around waiting for players, either to sell them golf balls I had found on the course or hoping, usually without gratification, that one of them might want a caddie. My mother recalls things more statistically. "Usually we took in less than \$50 a week," she says, "but there was a Fourth of July weekend, probably in 1932 or 1933, when we made \$102. I can remember sitting around in the afternoon hoping to go over a hundred. Just after supper two foursomes showed up, and that put us over. It was like winning the lottery."

Although \$50 a week was not an inconsiderable sum in those difficult times, the golf course produced such income only during the three or four warm-weather months. And from that income, maintenance expenses (not many, because labor, contributed by members of the family, was not counted) had to be deducted before what was left could be divvied up among all the relatives. There were a lot of other small money-making or money-substitute projects. A large communal garden was planted between the caddie shack and the 9th green and this provided us with most of our vegetables. A swath of rough along the 5th and 6th fairways was fenced off for sheep, although not very efficiently because the Judas goat was forever escaping to roam about the course begging tobacco from golfers and, occasionally, butting them when they did not come across. Once a week or so someone not otherwise engaged would row out on the lake and—for sport and dinner—come back with a mixed bucket of bass, bluegills and bullheads. The adjacent marshes were full of big bullfrogs which, later on, a young uncle showed me how to gig, as well as how to dress out the legs. There were lots of squirrels and rabbits, occasional pheasants and rarely a deer or, as it was thought of then, venison. A chicken yard was the most dependable source of more or less free protein.

We were more fortunate than many in having considerable land to work and forage, but there was a chron-

ic shortage of money for everything from tractor parts to electricity, things that could not be grown, found or caught. Very occasionally someone like a bread manufacturer, a coal distributor or a physician, more immune than most to the Depression, would commission my father to do a small landscaping job. To cut costs he searched out and used wild species and materials. Years later, when he was designing large and much-admired private and public landscapes, his use—out of preference then rather than necessity—of wild trees, shrubs and flowers became a professional trademark.

In the winter he cut wood, mostly oak that grew abundantly around the golf course. The cottage was heated with this wood, and sometimes he could sell it—at \$3.50 a cord, \$5 delivered. As anyone who has cut down a cord of firewood, dragged it in, sawed it up, split it and raked it knows, this is a very small return for a lot of labor, but this was a buyer's market, there being a lot more oak and a lot

more people who had the time to cut it than there was money in southern Michigan. He also trapped the marshes, getting mostly muskrats but always hoping for a then-rare mink. This was wetter and colder work than woodcutting and not much more lucrative, for much the same reasons. Many more people could go out and catch furbearers than could afford to buy fur coats. It took seven or eight muskrat pelts to equal a cord of wood. One

mink pelt would do it, but even a good trapper was lucky to get two or three mink a winter in those marshes.

All of this—having his profession vanish, being reduced to doing odd jobs to scrape together four or five dollars a day, never knowing, no matter what he did, when and if conditions would improve—must, I can understand now, have been a gut-wrenching experience for my father. We talked about it only once directly, and that was long after it was over. A war had been fought and good times had returned. People were again hiring landscape architects. He had an office, with draftsmen and a secretary, at which I stopped by during a college vacation. I asked if I could use the cottage (which long before had reverted to summer-only use) for a New Year's Eve party, and we got to talking about the winters when that had been our only home.

"I'm damn sure I never want to see another depression, and I'd never want you to go through something like that," my father said, "but, in a way, they were some of the best

continued



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## HARD TIMES

continued

years. I was young, and I actually liked getting out in the marshes running that trapline. I liked cutting trees. It was better exercise than golf and, physically, I felt great after a day in the woods. What I was doing was fun, if I could have done it without worrying. I was always afraid we weren't going to have enough to eat and that I was going to have to go on relief or the WPA. That time I broke my nose splinting wood, I knew the damn ax was going to break, but I didn't want to spend the money in a hardware for a handle and I didn't want to bother making one, so I just put tape on it and the head flew off and conked me. I remember waking up and there I was bleeding like a pig, but I was thinking I'd have to get an ax handle someplace because I had a customer for a couple of cords. Then I really got worried because there might be doctor bills. It seems like you could at least have had a broken nose in peace and quiet but you couldn't. You went to bed worrying about money, woke up worrying even when you had been conked. The Depression was there all the time."

Now, 30 years after that conversation, I can at least imaginatively comprehend how hard economically and psychologically the times must have been. Yet when they were happening I was oblivious of them. I certainly had no sense of hardship, deprivation or worry. In part this was because I was too young, but it was also because my father made a

shield of himself that protected me, body and mind. I have no memory of a harassed, desperate man, though he often must have been so. I remember he was usually laughing, teasing and joking, invariably tolerant and patient. I remember an informative, immensely energetic person who seemed to have an inexhaustible amount of time to spend with me and was having as good a time doing it as I was—which was very good indeed. There were all sorts of good times—riding on a tractor with him, learning to swim, to canoe, to sail, to hit a ball out of a sand trap with a mallet; there were serious discussions about the relative merits of Tommy Bridges and Carl Hubbell; we raced turtles, built castles in the sweet-sour-smelling mounds of oak sawdust, lassoed the Judas goat, and more and more and more.

As things turned out, the most consequential common interest we had was in natural history. Though his formal training was in botany, he was an enormously inquisitive general naturalist. He took me along on his plant-collecting trips if they did not extend too far into too difficult bush. By the time I was in kindergarten I knew the Latin names of a good many southern Michigan species of flora. (After a few years of formal education I forgot most of them, replacing this information with a lot of facts about the principal products of France.) On one of these trips we found a massasauga, the small rattlesnake of the northern wetlands.

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My father restrained the snake, showed me its distinctive identifying features, explained the properties of its venom and why the animal should be treated with prudence. Then he released the massasauga, at a safe distance. The experience left me with a feeling that rattlesnakes were interesting, if formidable, creatures but in no sense loathsome or scary.

Another day, while my grandfather (a man of the old Cotton Mather that-which-is-not-useful-is-vicious school) was advising poison and shot, my father spent most of a morning digging out a badger that was threatening to undermine the 6th green. As he dug he showed me with enthusiasm the intricacies of the badger's tunnels. Finally he got the big powerful weasel into a box, and together we drove it to an abandoned farm several miles away where it was released, furious but unharmed.

Through such intimate and interactive encounters I had been introduced, even before I could tie a dependable bow-knot in my shoes, to a good many members of the local community of flora and fauna. These early experiences helped shape my own adult interests, my studies and my choice of profession, but more important I now think they created an enduring attitude—in a sense an appetite—that the so-called natural world as an unending source of instruction, stimulation, recreation and just pure pleasure. I can think of

no better legacy that my father might have left to me.

The fall and winter of 1931 were the worst of the hard times for my family, or so my mother, who was recently consulted about these matters, tells me. There was less money than ever and prospects of getting more were at their bleakest. On top of everything else, winter came early and hard, making it more difficult to cut wood and trap, requiring more heat, light, clothing and thus money. Again, so far as I can recall now, I was oblivious of all of that. I remember only disconnected incidents from that early winter, none of them bad, none related to economic crises. We found a sea gull that had become trapped in the shore ice because its webbed feet were cruelly entangled in a bass plug somebody had lost the summer before and which the bird had apparently pounced on hoping to get something to eat. While my father operated to free the barbs, I edged closer, so close that the gull reached out and gouged my hand with a beak that was as strong as and much sharper than a pair of snap-lock pliers. I was proud of the scar for some years.

Somehow my father broke our exuberant Airedale, Mike, to harness, taught him to pull a toboggan-like sled that he sometimes used to carry traps and kurling. After the ice froze solid and if the weather was not too bad, he would hitch up the dog, put me on the sled and we would tour the frozen lake to see what was happening.

*continued*



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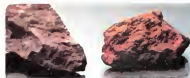
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## HARD TIMES

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Indoors, where I spent more time than usual because of the weather, there were two mouse cages, one of whitefoots and the other of meadow voles, to watch, feed and anthropomorphize with. A flying squirrel ranged more or less freely in the cottage. My mother read to me a lot, especially, I remember, about an Indian duck named Shingibis (spelling doubtful) who engaged in heroic struggles against the cruel and tyrannic North Wind. My mother also recalls this tale clearly, if not so fondly. "I read that story over and over and over until I knew it by heart," she says. "So did you. Sometimes I wished the North Wind would win and freeze that damn duck stiff, but I suppose it was good for me, too. Kept me from thinking about other things."

The day before Christmas would have given Shingibis all he wanted. A great blizzard was howling over the lake. Enough snow had fallen so that we left and entered the cottage through a narrow trench, deeper than I was tall, dug through a snowbank. On the windward side of the cottage, drifts were piled up to the lower windowpanes. In the midst of squalls we could not see more than 20 yards from the windows, but when the wind abated temporarily we could look out on the chalk-white expanse of the lake where, because of both the fallen and swirling snow, it was difficult to find a clear line of demarcation between the land and sky. Most of that Christmas Eve afternoon we watched the storms, not with any alarm, but for entertainment, as now we might watch *Days of Our Lives* or fat men shoving each other about on a plastic carpet contending for bulk.

About dusk the wind began to die, the snow stopped and the sky cleared. It began to get much colder as the storm moved eastward and a great still sea of arctic air descended in its wake. Sheets of ice formed on the inside of the windows, freezing in fantastic crystalline patterns. The windows were kaleidoscopic in design and color, the crystals catching and reflecting the light from lamps, the fireplace, the Christmas tree.

The tree was a plump little white pine, cut from the top of a much bigger one that grew in a stand behind the cottage. Thinking back, I see it as very superior in size, shape and decoration, but my mother tells me that trimming it caused her some worry. "When we were Christmas shopping," she says, "I decided we

needed another string of lights. We had only one left that worked. A string of lights probably didn't cost much more than a dollar then, but we decided we shouldn't spend the money—or maybe we just flat didn't have the money. I almost cried about that, but you know how Daddy was. He told me I was being silly, and I was, and that the lights didn't make any difference. He carved decorations out of wood and we painted some and covered others with tinfoil to sparkle. We strung popcorn we'd grown and fixed up a candle on top of the tree. We had a good time decorating it and it really was beautiful, but every once in a while I'd look at it and think we were so broke that buying a string of Christmas lights was a major decision."

By the time it was dark the storm had passed. The temperature was subzero. It was dead calm and the sky was full of stars. There was enough light from above and streaming out of the cottage, and so much snow to reflect it, that the yard right down to the lake was softly illuminated. The spruce and pine trees were drooping gracefully, with virtually every needle bearing a delicate load of snow. Even the stark oak and gum trees were snow-covered. The air was so clear and cold that it seemed as if the stars were not simply shining through the limbs but hanging on them like ornaments. What we had was the pluperfect, storybook, fancy-calendar, greeting-card Christmas scene. About this my mother and I have exactly the same memory. "It was," she says, "the prettiest Christmas I have ever seen, and I have seen 27 more of them than you have."

I probably made no such judgment then, if only because I had no standard of comparison, but now I have. In fact, every Christmas Eve since has come up short esthetically in comparison with 1931. In a way I suppose that's bad, having had the best so early, but, as they say, it's better to be coming down the other side of the mountain than never to have been on top.

Christmas morning I was up and in the living room very early, though not before my parents had turned on the tree lights, started the fire and done some last-minute display work. It might not have been much by current standards of consumption, but I still see it as a room chock full of loot. There were a considerable number of more or less background ban-

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## HARD TIMES

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dies—coloring books and crayons, reading books of the Shingibis sort, a small clockwork truck, a dozen oranges (less common and comparatively more of a treat then)—all packaged so as to create the illusion of superabundance. Then there were four major presents, three of which I knew immediately were major and one which I did not. They were:

1) A bow carved of Osage orangewood and a quiver of six hickory-shafted arrows, blunt tipped, feathered with plumes taken from a wild Canada goose. The bow and arrows were something of a rite-of-passage symbol, though such fancy terms were not used then. My father and uncles were archery buffs, shooting at targets and playing archery golf, a game in which bows and arrows instead of clubs and balls were used until an arrow reached the green. Then they used a ball and a putter to finish out the hole. Times being what they were, they also became competitive fletchers, there being considerable rivalry in designing equipment, and selecting and curing various wild woods. I had played around with bent limbs, wrapping twine and notched elderberry shoots, but this was my first genuine, serious bow.

2) A genuine, serious ax. The head was from a salvaged hatchet, burnished but intentionally ground very dull. The handle was cut down to my size, but the grip was shaped like that of a real ax.

3) A rocking chair, again custom-scaled for me. Lacking a lathe, my father had turned out the rungs and rockers with a drawknife and plane. The seat was camed with split hickory. He had carved funny, gnomelike faces on the ends of the armrests and a low-relief cluster of hickory nuts on the headboard.

4) A leather coat lined with sheepskin, and a slouching aviator-style helmet of a style then popular with American small fry. This was all right, but the coat was the present whose importance I did not appreciate then or, for that matter, not until quite recently when my mother and I were talking about that Christmas.

"One of the reasons you had been staying inside so much was that we didn't think your old jacket was warm enough," she said. "We didn't have the money to buy anything better, but you did. When you were born your grandfather started a bank account for you. It had \$50 in it, and we thought of it as the start of your college education fund, though back then

you had about as good a chance of going to the moon as to college. We never touched it until that Christmas. Then Daddy said it wasn't going to do you much good to have a bank account if you were frozen stiff. So we took out about half the money and bought you that coat. I felt like we were embezzlers," she said, smiling. "It was such a big thing for us, and you just looked at the coat and said 'ugh' or something."

The bow was the most immediately spectacular and engaging present. While my mother was getting breakfast my father rigged up a pillow target, showed me how to string the bow over my knee, draw back on the string rather than the arrow, hold it steady and release it without jerking. Shortly I had splintered an arrow by shooting wildly into the stone fireplace. Later on when we got outside I improved somewhat under the tutelage of older bowmen, and subsequently archery became a modest skill and an occasional pastime.

After breakfast we turned to the ax, which is both a tool and recreational implement I have used much more and with more pleasure than I have a bow. I got into the new winterproof outfit—casually, I am sure—and we went to the woodyard. My father picked up a sawed chunk of chestnut, put it on the hollow-ended oak chopping block and began to try to explain to me about grain. I had at least known the word before. Hanging around while he was splitting wood, I would hear an occasional oath directed at a cantankerous "grain." I may have had the idea it was some foreign body in a log, like a hidden rock. That morning he started to show me what it was, how to turn the piece of wood, come down on it so as to cut with the lines of cleavage rather than against them.

Thinking back on it now, I suspect it was a manipulated lesson arranged for my encouragement and entertainment, one which revealed both the qualities of wood and of my father. Though not many know it, there is no wood easier and more satisfying to split than American chestnut. It is so nicely grained and brittle that you barely need to tap a dry piece to divide it. At that time the chestnut blight that shortly was to kill off virtually all of these magnificent trees that once had provided nearly half the forest cover in the Eastern U.S. was already licking at the area. Also, even without

blight, chestnuts did not do well in the sandy lake habitat. Thinking back, I can see that wood I was whaling away at on Christmas Day—light golden brown, so straight-grained. I have a strong suspicion my father went someplace and found a few pieces of chestnut to ensure the success of my first try at splitting.

Whether it was luck or design, I remember that I somehow beat apart enough wood to make a small armload. I carried it inside and fed it to the fire with a considerable sense of accomplishment. Essentially the same sort of activity has been giving me satisfaction ever since. As some people, for reasons that are incomprehensible to me, enjoy spreading new paint over a wall or mowing grass, adding one painted or clipped swath to another, I have always liked splitting wood, transforming big logs into small ones. Physically, there is a nice loose rhythm to it, and there is a mild intellectual involvement, sizing up each chunk, looking for the line on which to deliver the key first blow. Maybe one reason why this has always been more of a recreation than a chore is the good start I got off to that bitter cold Christmas Day.

After the woodsplitting there probably was some coloring, some reading, some winding up of the toy truck, and then we ate one of the chickens for dinner. Later, in midafternoon, my father said that because I had such fancy new gear there was no reason why I should not come along while he checked his trapline in the marsh. I may have been with him before when he set out traps in better weather. I know I had watched him skin muskrat, and anytime I went into the shed their drying pelts were hanging there on wire frames. In a few years I would be doing these things myself and it would be commonplace, but this was the first day I clearly recall being in, so to speak, the field.

My father hitched Mike to the sled, and I got aboard with my ax. The wind of the previous day had scoured and packed the snow and the very low temperatures had given it a hard crust, strong enough so that we could move along on the surface. The pale afternoon sun did not give off much warmth but, reflecting from the snow, it did give everything a soft, diffused coppery tint. As I see it now, it is as though the air itself had a cast of this color. We crossed the golf

course and went through a strip of oaks that fringed the frozen marsh that lay beyond. The surface of the marsh was broken by the domed contours of muskrat lodges and by clumps of cattails that rattled when we brushed past and in the light were more golden than dead brown.

Since then, and again in part perhaps because of those early experiences, I have developed a taste for wintry places, and I have had unusual opportunities to indulge myself in many cold places—rocks above the tree lines, deep evergreen forests, winter prairies, arctic ice, tundra. Even so, that Michigan marsh remains for me one of the better winter days and places.

We circled the trapline, broke through the crust and snow to tend to the sets that needed it and probably took a few dollars worth of muskrat, but none of this left a great impression. I had seen muskrat carcasses before and under these conditions they are as solid and seem as inanimate as a block of wood. However, we later came across something that was alive, though barely, and which has remained memorable.

We had left the marsh through another grove of oaks where, earlier in the fall my father had been cutting and in consequence had left a brush pile. There, collapsed under the eaves of this mound, was an opossum. This species was then making its way into southern Michigan from the south and was less common there than it is today. This particular animal was too far north in the wrong year. Because of the cold or injury, its hindquarters were partly paralyzed, and its long, prehensile tail had been reduced by freezing and infection to a swollen, blackened stump. There was blood around the muzzle—perhaps he had broken his teeth trying to tear at some edible bit locked in the ice. When we came up, the ruined animal was much too feeble to take evasive action but had enough strength and spunk to give a weak, defiant hiss. Mike lunged forward, barking. My father restrained the dog and stood staring sadly at the dying opossum.

I may have asked if we could take the animal home, rehabilitate it and make a pet of it, or perhaps my father just anticipated the question, which even by then would have been almost an automatic one for me. My father explained that this creature was beyond such help and compassion, that there was only one

continued

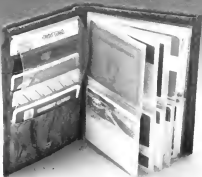
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## HARD TIMES

(continued)

kindness we could now do him. Instead of just doing it, he took a few moments to talk to me about what he was going to do and why. I can no longer hear the exact words, but there remains the memory of the sense of them, the sense of my father's manner and particularly his face—red from being so much in the cold that year, set in his blond mustache, a welt of deeper red scar tissue across his nose, serious but soothing. The sense that I remember was that we were not doing a small, casual or easy thing but a hard and essential one, that between us and the opossum there was an intimate bond. When he had explained it as well as he could, had prepared me as much as possible, he picked up the Christmas ax and with the flat of it gave the opossum one sharp terminal blow on the head.

Having by this time had enough small pets to have learned something about death and its rituals, I must have asked if we should bury the animal. The answer I think I recall fairly well, or maybe it is just that it is such an obvious one, one I have since given to similar questions in similar circumstances: "No, we'll leave him here. Something else, maybe a fox, will eat him and it will help him get through the winter. If we bury him he won't do anything any good until spring."

With that, the sharp vision of Christmas 1931 begins to fade, but there is a final flicker of clear recollection. That evening, after we had returned from the marshes and eaten supper, I can remember pulling up my carved rocking chair close to the window, sitting in it and staring out into the starlit night through the colored crystals of frost on the glass. Oddly, my mother says she also remembers this inconsequential moment, "You just sat there rocking away quietly, which was unusual, because you already were a notable talker. I wonder what you were thinking?" I wondered then.

"I don't know."

I probably wasn't thinking very much, just looking at the frost pattern and the winter shadows because they were pretty and interesting in themselves. Yet there is a certain behind-sense-of-memory, very, very faint—like the touch of a single strand of spider web—because it has traveled so far in time. It is not a tangible memory, just a whisper of a mood, that what that boy was feeling, not thinking, as he sat rocking and looking into the Christmas night was—all is well. **END**



# THE ANSWERS

1	
NORTH	EAST
♠ A J 10 ♥ Q 10 8 6 ♦ A 9 2 ♣ Q 9 7	♠ Q J ♥ 2 4 ♦ Q J 10 3 ♣ 2 5 4 3 2
SOUTH	
♠ 9 5 4 ♥ A K 9 5 3 ♦ 7 5 ♣ A 10 6	

At trick two, it is slightly more likely that West did not lead from an ace-queen combination, so declarer should come up with the king from dummy.

Once the queen of spades drops from East, it is extremely likely that West has the ace of clubs to back his bidding (he did not lead a diamond honor, showing a sequence) plus a 5-2-4-2 distribution on the bidding (he followed on two rounds of trumps).

You have lost a spade and must lose a diamond, so the idea is to hold your club losses to one. After you have drawn trumps, cash the high spade, then play the ace and another diamond. Maybe one of the opponents will lead the ace of clubs or play a spade, giving you a ruff and sluff. Alas, they are not patsies and they return a diamond. Ruff and lead a low club toward the queen. When this holds, lead another back, play low and presto, the ace falls. It's such an easy game.

2	
NORTH	EAST
♠ A 9 5 ♥ Q 7 2 ♦ A K J 6 4 2 ♣ A 10 9 7	♠ 10 7 4 3 ♥ A 9 6 3 ♦ 5 4 3 ♣ Q 8
SOUTH	
♠ Q J 10 3 ♥ 10 6 5 ♦ Q J 8 6 ♣ 7	

The danger here is that declarer will be able to discard at least one heart loser on the clubs and scramble home with 10 tricks.

As partner figures to have the ace of hearts—he must have something for that double—the proper shift at trick two is the jack of hearts.

This allows the defenders to take three quick heart tricks even if declarer happens to have the 10. But the lead must

be the jack. If either the king of hearts or the eight of hearts is led at trick two, declarer loses only two tricks with normal play.

Follow the defense with the lead of the jack. If dummy plays low, so does East. Now the defenders simply cash according. If dummy covers with the queen, East wins the ace and returns the three. West has the king-eight behind the 10 and must come to two additional tricks.

3	
NORTH	EAST
♠ 4 2 ♥ A K Q J ♦ A 5 4 ♣ 7 5 3	♠ A J ♥ 9 8 7 6 5 4 ♦ K 7 ♣ J 8 2
SOUTH	
♠ K Q 10 9 5 ♥ 10 1 ♦ A Q 8 3 2 ♣ K	

If partner had either the ace of diamonds or the king of clubs, he would be giving you clearer signals in hearts. For example, if he had the king of clubs, he would have led his lowest heart for you to ruff. But, if he had the ace of diamonds, he would have led his highest heart.

As he appears to have neither, you should cash the club ace before it gets away on dummy's hearts (notice dummy has an entry in the seven of spades).

If declarer has a 5-3-4-1 or a 5-2-5-1 distribution, discards on the hearts will still leave him with a diamond loser. So cash the club ace quickly.

4	
NORTH	EAST
♠ K 1 ♥ A 10 5 4 ♦ A 10 9 5 2 ♣ 10 4	♠ Q 10 7 4 2 ♥ 7 6 ♦ K Q ♣ J 6 5 3
SOUTH	
♠ A 9 5 ♥ Q 8 ♦ 6 3 ♣ A K Q 9 8 7	

Faced with a certain diamond loser (unless East has the jack of hearts doubleton), declarer must play to reduce his trump holding to East's size, planning to exit with a diamond in a three-card position. To do this, a diamond, not a heart, must be discarded from dummy on the second round of clubs.

Now enter dummy with the heart ace (West covering the queen) and ruff a heart. East discards a spade, leaving:

5	
NORTH	EAST
♠ 10 ♥ A 10 9 5 ♦ A ♣	♠ K Q ♥ K ♦ J 6 ♣
SOUTH	
♠ 6 3 ♥ Q 9 8 ♦ ♣	

Enter dummy with the ace of diamonds and ruff the last heart with the eight of clubs. You then exit with a diamond and take the last two tricks with the Q9 of clubs.

5	
NORTH	EAST
♠ 2 6 2 ♥ A 1 ♦ 10 6 4 ♣ A Q 7 5	♠ A 10 9 5 ♥ 10 7 ♦ J 7 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8
SOUTH	
♠ K Q 4 ♥ K Q 8 7 6 ♦ K 5 ♣ A 4 2	

Given that your partner is unlikely to have much of anything in spades (although he just might have Q107 or K107) there is a grave danger that if you let this trick go by, the contract will go with it:

The clubs look menacing and if declarer has the KQ of hearts that's the old ball game. (One spade, five clubs and three hearts.)

The best chance is to go for the diamond suit at once. So, you win with the ace of spades and then shift to a low diamond. Look how happy you will make your partner.

6	
NORTH	EAST
♠ A 4 ♥ 10 7 6 5 ♦ A Q 7 3 2 ♣ A 2	♠ 7 5 3 2 ♥ 9 8 3 ♦ 6 4 ♣ 9 5 3
SOUTH	
♠ K J 10 ♥ K J ♦ K 1 5 ♣ K Q 10 7	

To give yourself the best possible chance, cash the ace and king of hearts and hope the queen drops. If that doesn't happen, play off the ace-king-queen of clubs, discarding a heart from the table and hope—and pray—that the jack drops. If that doesn't happen, run the diamonds. On the last diamond this will be the position.

7	
NORTH	EAST
♠ A 4 ♥ 10 ♦ 7 ♣	♠ 7 6 5 3 ♥ ♦ ♣
SOUTH	
♠ K J 10 ♥ ♦ 10 ♣	

East discards a spade, you throw a club as does West and there you are with the other declarers in the World Championship. You play the ace of spades and see West's nine. What do you do? The percentage play is to finesse because West started with no more than four spades and perhaps only three. As the rule is to

continued

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"People are subject to the same physical laws as bridges. Indeed, Leonardo da Vinci believed mechanical science the noblest, 'seeing that by means of it, all animated bodies that have movement perform all their actions.' Isaac Newton described the laws of motion in 1700, but not as vibrantly as does Gideon Ariel. 'It doesn't matter if you lift a cow, or throw a chair, or punch your girl friend. Everything is according to Newtonian physics.'"

Where did this appear? Scientific American? Psychology Today? No, it's from *Gideon Ariel and his Magic Machine* by Kenny Moore in *Sports Illustrated*, where you get the science of sports as well as the joy of sports.

**Sports Illustrated**

We are sports in print.

## BRIDGE QUIZ (continued)

play the man with length for the missing card, the finesse should be taken. As a result of all this genius reasoning nobody made NT. Take full credit for simply cashing your suits in the right order. In fact if you didn't go down two you mis-played the hand!

7		
NORTH		
WEST	♦ 10 5	EAST
♠ A 2	♥ K Q J 4 3	♠ 10 9 4 3
♥ 10 9 5 2	♦ A 9	♥ A 8
♦ Q J 10 8 7	♣ A 5 4	♦ 6 5 3
♣ 10 2		♣ K 8 7 6
SOUTH		
	♠ A K Q J 7	
	♥ 10	
	♦ K 7 6	
	♣ A Q 9 4	

You should win the ace of hearts and return a club. If declarer has a second heart is absolutely no defense as declarer has 12 tricks—count 'em—five spades, four hearts, two diamonds and one club.

Therefore you must assume declarer has a singleton heart and return a club before declarer knows that hearts are not breaking.

If you return a club, declarer has to decide at once whether it is better to run your club lead to the jack, playing you for the king, or rise with the ace and gamble the hearts are good. He might go wrong.

However, if you either duck the heart or win the heart and return a diamond, declarer will win the diamond return, test the hearts discarding a diamond and a club and eventually lead the jack of clubs from dummy. Now you are a goner. Cover or not, with partner's doubleton 10, declarer loses no club tricks.

8		
NORTH		
WEST	♦ 10 8 5	EAST
♠ K Q 7 6 4 3	♥ 10 9 7	♠ 9 8 2
♥ 8	♦ 9 8 2	♥ 7 6 5
♠ A 10 7	♣ A 9 4	♦ Q 6 5 3
♣ A 5		♣ Q 6
SOUTH		
	♦ A	
	♥ A K Q 4	
	♦ K 8	
	♣ A 10 8 5 3	

If clubs are 2-2, there is no problem, but what if they are not? West probably has the ace of diamonds in which case it would be easy to lose two diamonds and a club.

Declarer can take out a little insurance at a small risk. Cash the ace-king of hearts and then lead a club to the ace and a club back to your hand intending to finesse if East follows.

If the finesse works you are nearly home. You should then play the queen of hearts. If all follow, draw the last trump and concede two diamonds. If East has

continued



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## WALKER'S DE LUXE BOURBON

AGED **8** YEARS

a doubleton heart and is able to ruff, you are not in such good shape, but you never were.

However, if East has either three or four hearts along with three clubs, you are home free. Now let's see what happens if you lose to the doubleton queen of clubs in the West hand. You are still O.K. providing West does not have a third heart with which to exit. If West has no more hearts he will either have to lead a diamond (good for you) or try to cash the queen of spades—also good for you. (Remember you have a club entry to dummy.)

All in all, it is better to try for a little something rather than go for a big nothing.

Q

NORTH		
WEST	♦ A 9 8 5	EAST
♥ Q 5 3	♥ A 10 8 7 2	♦ 10 7 4
♦ 4	♥ J	♥ K J 6 2
♠ 10 9 8 7 6		♥ A 9 6
SOUTH		
	♦ K J 5	♦ 5 2
	♥ 7 4	
	♥ Q 5 3	
	♠ A K Q 4 3	

In view of West's club lead into your first-bid suit, there is a strong likelihood that the suit is not going to break 4-3 as you would like and that you will either have to set up the diamonds without losing three tricks or eventually take the spade finesse.

The normal play in diamonds is low to the queen. However, with West marked with long clubs, it is probable that West is shorter in diamonds than East.

An unusual safety play is called for. The 10 of diamonds should be led from dummy at trick two with the intention of letting it ride if East plays low.

If diamonds break 3-2 nothing matters, but if diamonds are 4-1 and West really is the one who is short, leading the 10 loses only to a singleton jack in the West hand. Alternatively, leading low to the queen loses if West has either the singleton six or the singleton four making the lead of the 10 twice as good.

Naturally, if the 10 is covered, you play the queen, thus setting up the diamonds,

losing at most two of them plus two hearts.

NORTH		
WEST	♦ A 9 8 5	EAST
♥ 10 7 4 2	♥ 5 2	♦ Q J 1
♠ 8 7 6	♥ 8 5	♥ Q J 6
♦ Q 4 3 2	♠ K 8 7 5 2	♠ A 10 9 7 6
♦ 4 1		♠ Q 7 6
SOUTH		
	♦ A 6 3	
	♥ A K 10 9 5	
	♥ K J	
	♠ A 10 9	

This is strictly a matter of percentages. In order to keep all doors open, play a second club to the king. If the queen drops your troubles are over. If it does not, lead a heart to the ace hoping to drop an honor. If an honor drops play a second high heart hoping to drop the QJ here in that suit.

If no heart honor drops on the first round, play the ace of spades and a low spade to the jack hoping West has either Qxx or Qxxx.

On the actual hand, as you can see none of these plays works—*c'est la vie*. You get the points anyway. Remember this is the Christmas season. **END**

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Skandinavik  
Danish Long-Cut Tobacco

# "Recreation is a great restorer. It's the turnoff that turns you on."

Shana Alexander



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(Writer, editor, and commentator, Shana Alexander is one of America's foremost journalists. She is currently appearing weekly on "60 Minutes" and preparing a book on Patty Hearst and American Society, to be published by Viking-Penguin.)

**Q.** Meaning?

**A.** Meaning when the work starts to drag, drop it. Turn off the struggle. Play tennis, ride a bike, go for a sail. You come back fresh and the work is suddenly easier.

**Q.** If you can't get to a tennis court or a sailboat?

**A.** Go for a walk. Throw a ball against a wall. Change. Use different muscles, turn on new energies. Let the old ones rest for a while.

**Q.** Wouldn't it be easier to lie down and let everything rest?

**A.** No. When everything rests, everything sags. Recreation is a better restorer than rest because it's a bigger change. Your mind is completely off the struggle and into the tennis game. Meanwhile your unconscious is solving your problems. It's uncanny, but it works every time.

**Q.** What do you say to people who use daytime TV as recreation?

**A.** I say anise, borrow your child's bike and go for a ride. You'll come back feeling exhilarated, a pound lighter, legs firmer, and you'll like yourself better.

**Q.** What about you? Why do you sail?

**A.** It's the opposite of what I do the rest of the time—sit at a desk and write. There is no greater change. Physically and spiritually, it's a change of elements. There's no machinery, no sound but the waves and birds, no smell but the water and wind. It transports you to a simpler time. It is a beautiful and refreshing thing to do.

This is one in a series of messages brought to you by AMF. We make Vort Bells, Head Skis, Tennis Rackets and Sports Wear, Skamper Trailers, Roadmaster Bicycles, AMF Bowling Products, Slickcraft Boats, Sunfish Sailboats, Hatteras Yachts, Crestliner Boats, Ben Hogan Golf Equipment, Harley-Davidson Motorcycles and Golf Cars.



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## HOT SHOTS BY THE NUMBERS

Sir,  
Kent Hanson's article *An Idea That's Gone the Way Off the Ground* (Nov. 28) on improved field-goal percentages in college basketball was read with great interest by the advanced placement physics class at Chatsworth (Calif.) High School. His analysis of the phenomenal shooting of today's player was appreciated by all. Unfortunately, if a player starts with Professor Enoch Durbin's range formula, the result will be an "air ball." The proper expression is

$$r = \frac{V_0^2 \sin 2\theta}{g}$$

However, even the correct equation will give the range only if the ball takes off and lands at the same height and if there is no air resistance. Hence, the ball would have to be released at the height of the rim in a vacuum—a condition that would surely have a disastrous effect on spectator health. If the gym were not evacuated, other factors, such as the rotation of the ball, would have to be considered.

We do agree with Hanson that shooting a basketball is not something that can be reduced to a mathematical expression. If it were, the NBA would be stocked with Caltech grads.

ADVANCED PLACEMENT PHYSICS CLASS  
Chatsworth High School  
Chatsworth, Calif.

Sir,  
Professor Durbin's equation should read

$$R(\text{range}) = \frac{V^2(\text{velocity})^2 \sin 2\theta}{G(\text{gravity})}$$

where  $\theta$  is the angle from which the basketball is shot. This equation assumes that the ball is shot from the same height as the hoop, there is no air drag, the ball is not rotating, the ball is not batted off the glass or slam dunked.

This type of oversimplified analysis led some scientists to believe that a curve ball was an optical illusion.

TOM BOWEN  
Atlanta

Sir,  
Using your equation, the maximum range would be achieved by shooting the ball at a 90-degree angle (i.e., straight up). Better stick to sports!

BRADLEY S. DEHOI  
JEFFREY K. NATORI  
JAMES S. SHOCKMAKER  
Gettysburg College  
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sir,  
Alas,  $2 \sin \theta$  does not equal  $\sin 2\theta$ .

LAWRENCE K. HOYT  
School of Engineering  
Columbia University  
New York City

Sir,  
My students and I have enjoyed reviewing this formula to find out why SPORTS ILLUSTRATED had it wrong. I commend the photographer for the two shots on page 42, however. These pictures are excellent examples of motion along a parabola.

STE E BOREN  
Associate Professor of Mathematics  
and Computer Science  
University of Tennessee-Martin  
Martin, Tenn.

Sir,  
We are sure that the equation presented in the article is merely an oversight.

JOHN W. HAGGINS  
ALAN D. HEMMINGSON  
Texas A&M University  
College Station, Texas

• SI goofed. For the correct formula and Professor Durbin's analysis of the problem, see below.—ED

Sir,  
The question is, Is there a preferred way to shoot a basketball based on the physics of the process? The answer is yes! One can analyze the problem using a purely ballistic calculation that assumes a clean shot and neglects air friction, opposing players and bouncing off the rim or backboard.

There are three relevant equations. The horizontal distance the ball travels from shooter to basket, or range ( $R$ ), is given by

$$R = \frac{v^2 \sin 2\theta}{G}$$

where  $v$  is the launch velocity,  $G$  is the acceleration due to gravity and  $\theta$  is the angle of launch as measured up from the horizontal (90 degrees is straight up).

The second equation

$$\Delta R = \frac{2v^2 \Delta \theta \cos 2\theta}{G}$$

shows the change in range ( $\Delta R$ ) due to an error in launch angle ( $\Delta \theta$ ).

The third equation shows the change in range due to an error in launch velocity ( $\Delta v$ )

$$\Delta R = \frac{2v \Delta v \sin 2\theta}{G}$$

From these equations we draw the following practical conclusions:

1) The minimum throwing velocity required for any range occurs at a launch angle of 45 degrees (not  $2\theta=1$ , its maximum value). Higher or lower launch angles require higher launch velocities. The lower the launch velocity, the lower the velocity of the ball when it arrives at the hoop, which means the lower the bounce off the rim when you miss a clean shot. If the object were to throw the ball the farthest, the 45-degree launch angle also would result in the longest range for a given velocity.

2) The minimum change in range due to a small error in launch angle occurs when  $\theta=45^\circ$  (cos  $2\theta=0$ ). Therefore, if you shoot at 45 degrees, your angular error causes the least range error. However, if you make an error in either direction around 45 degrees, the ball range is shortened. Further, as the launch angle is increased, the effective hoop cross section gets larger. The ball is coming in from a steeper angle. Thus, any errors in launching the ball should be on the high angle side. My suggestion would be to launch the ball at 48 degrees.

3) The third equation teaches us that the error in range is smallest when the launch velocity is lowest, since the range area is proportional to  $\Delta v$  times  $v$ .

If you study angles of launch at a basketball game, you will notice that the most accurate shooters are those who shoot at an angle slightly higher than 45 degrees. I am certain that they have found this angle without solving differential equations. But I would suggest that coaches paint a 48-degree line on the wall in order to show players who are having accuracy difficulties what this angle looks like.

Incidentally, if you are a quarterback trying to throw the bomb, or a kicker trying to kick a field goal from halfway down the field, these same calculations show that 45 degrees is your angle. If you are an outfielder trying to throw the ball to home plate, 45 degrees will permit you to throw it the farthest, but not necessarily the fastest. For this throw the shallowest angle that you can reach home plate with will get the ball there the fastest.

ENOCH J. DURBIN  
Professor of Aerospace and  
Mechanical Sciences  
Princeton University  
Princeton, N.J.

## JUMP SHOOTER

Sir,  
The SI jump-shot survey quoted in your Nov. 28 article on hot shots included a name that brought back memories of the 1932-33 season. Doug Aik credits John Cooper, who

continued

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## 15TH HOLE

placed by the Captain of Missouri, who is dominating the competition.

Cooper's jumper is not two-handed, both arms drive it, but only one, his head. He stands with his back to the basket at the free-throw line. After a few steps, he would hold the ball perhaps 10 seconds or more, feinting, twisting and bending to work the guard behind him off balance. Then he would jump straight up, turn 180 degrees in midair and flip the ball overhead. From squarely in front of the basket it was a high percentage shot. Cooper was known to the Mizzou fans in those days as Jump Turt Johnson.

RICHARD C. MEYER  
Norfolk, Va.

## KEEPING SCORE

So

Yett's account of the Nebraska-Oklahoma contest (*What a Way to Wind It Up*, Dec. 5) contained an error that sticks deeply into Cornhusker hearts. It grieves us enough that our football team has not beaten the Sooners since the 1971 classic, but for SI to claim that under Coach Billy Switzer, Oklahoma has won by 14 points or more each time the two teams have met is too much. Let me remind you that just last year Oklahoma had to score a last-minute touchdown to win 30-17.

BRIE HAMPSTER  
Lincoln, Neb.

So

The Fiesta Bowl is indeed ecstatic over landing Penn State. But the Nittany Lions are not our first Top Ten 10-1 team as Pat Putnam states in his account of the Penn State Pilgrims.

In its six-year history, the Fiesta has twice backed 10-1 Arizona State teams (in 1971 and 1973) and in 1975 it topped off bowls in combined win-loss record when 11-0 and seventh-ranked Arizona State met 10-1 and fifth-ranked Nebraska. That's why we're not shy about calling the Fiesta America's Finest Growing Bowl Game.

JOHN REID  
Executive Director  
Fiesta Bowl  
Phoenix, Ariz.

## BOBBY HALPERN

So

Late Stewart's photograph of Bobby Halpern walking away from a KO'd Diego Robertson (*Making a Comeback from Nowhere*, Dec. 5) is SI's best boxing shot since Neil Leifer's photo of Muhammad Ali snarling at a supine Sonny Liston in Lewiston, Maine (*No Phantom Punch*, June 7, 1965). Both are pure art.

MARA GROSSMAN  
Minneapolis

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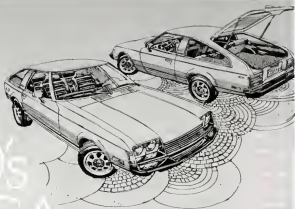
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